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TUNE AGAIN THY LYRE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. H. POST.

Dear lady, tune again thy lyre,
Sing that sweet, melodious strain—
It fills the soul with magic fire
When other living means are vain;
Like Summer winds, which gently blow
Through sleepless hours, when day is past
And lonely noon of night has come,
Thy echoes of thy music last
And lull the thoughts that wildly roam.

There's power in the merry bowl,
Which sparkles with its vintage fine,
But it can never move the soul
Like those celestial notes of thine:
Through sleepless hours, when day is past
And lonely noon of night has come,
Thy echoes of thy music last
And lull the thoughts that wildly roam.

There's naught can soothe in life's dark hour
Like music's sweet, inspiring voice—
It breaks temptation's evil power,
It is the heart's supernal choice.
Then, lady, tune again thy lyre,
Sing that sweet, melodious strain,
And fill my soul with magic fire,
For other living means are vain.

The web of life seems nearly spun,
And soon my pilgrimage must close;
The hoped-for goal can ne'er be won,
Yet yearning cannot brook repose.
Come, let the strain be low and soft,
That wrings from coldest breasts a tear;
'Tis in a quiet weeping oft
The heart obtains abiding cheer.

AURAMANIA,

OR

"DIAMOND'S" DAUGHTER.

A Story of Thrilling Interest, Powerful Effects, and Exciting Situations.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MISS JOHANNA PRITCHARD.

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[Miss Pritchard has dramatized this work, and is performing it in her engagements throughout the country.]

CHAPTER VII.

THE LEADEN BOX.

"A thousand pounds' reward for the discovery of a leaden box." A thousand pounds! At the corner of every street the above reward was posted. A thousand pounds were a large amount of money. Detectives were flying around into every suspicious hole and corner in the great city, but the box was safe in Jeremiah Trippton's house. Honest Jerry! Who would ever think of disturbing his little three-roomed cottage? So, unheeded, they went by.

Six weeks had passed, and Auramania and Shadow were still inmates of Jane Trippton's house. The thief and the leaden box were almost forgotten. The Jew was set down for a maniac, while Auramania was supposed to have been drowned by all but one, and that one was Jack Bennett.

Can this beautiful girl, with her soft eyes and gentle voice, who listens to the idiot's song with the simplicity of a child, be Auramania who for ten years had never been seen to shed a tear—the girl who was not to be approached, the girl who dared the great Jack Bennett, the girl who stood like a maniac over Raphael Goldsmith's throat—now subdued by the gentle influence of poor crazy Shadow—Shadow, who rocked her to sleep when an infant, and hushed her cries by the simple presence of his innocent lips—Shadow, who sang his song to her murdered mother, who was that mother's companion, friend and comforter? How near and dear were they to each other, yet knew it not. No wonder thy troubled soul, Auramania, is calmed by the gentle cadence of his voice, for that voice enters thy heart when thou gazest into his soft blue eye.

He has finished his song. As she strokes his silver locks, tears bedew her eyes.

"How can I part from you? How can I leave you, dear, dear old man?"

"Very romantic!" said Jane. "Something must be done. You can't bury yourself here, child. Besides, you need air and exercise, and so does the poor man. Don't think I want to part with you, dear. It is only for your own good."

"Ah, Jane," said Auramania, "I know your kind heart. Let us think what is best."

"Well, it is best that you said last night, dear. Take your pretty hair and twist it round in a knot. I have made a black dress which will answer the purpose. All you want is a black bonnet and veil, and then I defy Mr. Bennett or anyone else to know you. I will go to a lady with whom I'm acquainted, and who is rich. From her I will borrow as much money as will take you to Paris; once there, I am not afraid but you'll get along."

"Jane," said Auramania, "I must go to-night. I know you will take care of my poor Shadow. I cannot bear to feel there is so much sorrow, toil and poverty on one hand, with wealth and idleness on the other. Go, Jane; go—go borrow the money. I am eager to begin my new life."

"You had better pretend to be poor, dear soul," said Jane; "it will be more romantic."

"What, Jane! Live in poverty? Live amongst the degraded, wretched, unfortunate! I have lived thus for twenty years. No, no; I will help, feed, clothe them; but live amongst them! Jane, I was never born for that. No; your place is amongst the noblest in the land. *I will be there!* I have planned it all, Jane. Still I must be cautious. In Paris I shall soon find ways and means to prevent the possibility of Jack Bennett ever discovering me. Once safe from him, I'll brave the world."

"Ah, my dear," said Jane, "I believe you will accomplish all you say. You look so grand even with that muslin dress on. I know some people would think you crazy, but I don't, dear—I only think you romantic. I don't see why you can't do all you wish as well as all those do that I read about. There, I won't stay another minute." And off good Jane Trippton ran to borrow the money.

A week from that night Auramania arrived in Paris. The Jew wandered about the streets selling old clothes—a changed, miserable object. Jack Bennett had resigned his position as superintendent, and joined the secret-police force.

CHAPTER VIII.

MADAME BACHAN.

On arriving in Paris, Auramania sought her way to the Palais Royal, where she sold to a usurer the diamond pin Maurice Strafford had pawned at the shop of Raphael Goldsmith. That pin Evangeline wore the night he carried her from her father's house; it dropped unheeded by the Jew, when he tore the bridal veil in pieces.

Auramania was cautious: she dared not leave the usurer's until the twelve diamonds lay separate and apart, the gold setting melted. Then, with five thousand pounds in gold and notes, the young girl left the magnificent shop. Passing on to the Galerie Nemours, and entering one of its brilliant shops, her eyes fell upon the following advertisement:

"Madame Bachan, the wonderful clairvoyant, and fortune-teller of the past, the present and the future."

"Can there be any truth in this?" thought Auramania. "If I could but see into the future! My plans are as yet but half formed. I will go and see this woman. She may decide them."

Auramania left the shop abruptly and went on to the Boulvards, where Madame Bachan resided. She was ushered in to the apartment by a young French girl. It was elegantly furnished, after an antique but costly style—mysterious, not diamd. In a low velvet-covered chair sat the fortune-teller—an old lady with short, wavy, silver hair, which she wore in the Pompadour style. Her white but classic face had not a wrinkle. She resembled the pictures of an old French aristocrat. She spoke English as fluently as she did her own language, and but for her dress she would have been taken for a duchess, rather than for a fortune-teller. Her dress was composed of velvet and satin, on which were worked, in silver, the signs of the zodiac. Around the train, which swept the velvet floors, cards were embroidered—these she believed to be the insignia of her art. From her head down to the floor hung lace of the finest tissue. As she arose from her chair on the entrance of our heroine, she showed herself to be a woman of medium height.

Auramania stood perfectly still, gazing with admiration on the picture; and, reader, it was a very beautiful picture, this old fortune-teller in the antique dress. But as soon as she spoke the charm was gone—not that her voice was unmusical, but it was abrupt and irritable.

"Sit down, sit down!" she said; and as she turned and looked at Auramania she was struck with pity at the sight of her visitor's pale, sad face. "Ah, mademoiselle," said she, "come, give me your hand. Let me look into your eyes. Nay, do not speak; do not move." And with the insight of a sceress she now spoke: "Noble blood, deserted child, life of misery! What do I see? She climbs a wall! She is safe! Wildly she flies through the streets! See! what room is that? Rags, piles of rags! An old man, with guilt upon his face, lies sleeping. See! the girl is mad! Her hands—now—a box—I cannot see!"

"No more, no more!" screamed Auramania, and she freed herself from the old lady's grasp. "Woman! from whence comes this power? You have told me the truth!"

"Aye, girl, but you stole the box!"

Auramania grew cold as she thought: Suppose this woman should betray me? Must I tell a falsehood to save myself? Quickly rushed the words from her lips:

"I did steal the box; but 'twas from my own father. He deserted and ill-treated me; so, while he slept, I stole his box of gold."

She waited breathlessly, fearing the clairvoyant would read the lie. The old lady only bowed her head. "Aye, girl, he is your father."

Auramania shuddered at the thought of that horrible wretch being her father.

"I do not wish you to read me the past, nor the present," she cried—"only the future."

Again the fortune-teller took her hand and spoke: "Your future will be great, you will rank amongst the highest, lords and princes at your feet shall kneel, the acknowledged queen of beauty shall you reign, while your life shall be full of charity. Still there is a burden upon your heart—the burden of a crime for which you should not suffer. You will love, but never wed. You will be daring in your wealth. You will hold your head high to the mighty, but bow like a child to the meek. A great soul is yours, but it has been shattered. Ambition for gold fills your brain. Be careful, or it may turn to madness. An enemy follows your footsteps. He will overtake you. Your love, life, passion, will be your curse; yet it should not have been. 'Tis for another's evil-doing that you have suffered, shall suffer to the end."

"O woman! say no more," said Auramania. "I too have read my future. As you have told me, so I have seen it. I am indeed a miserable, wretched girl. I have sinned, but my life shall be devoted to an atonement. You are very wonderful, Madame Bachan! I *have* an enemy, I fear. He has made my life, my past, a dream of horror. I am convinced it is he who will follow my steps. I cannot live in this world as I am. I must be someone else!"

"Who would you be, girl?"

"You," said Auramania.

"Me!"

"You are old—are you not tired of your labor?"

"I am, but I must live."

"Would you not sell to me your name and fame, yourself retire to contentment in another land?"

"'Tis a dream, girl. Ah! I have a daughter as young, as beautiful as you, away in sunny Italy. She can live in no other clime, whilst I must work to save her life and mine."

"How old are you, madame?"

"Sixty-five, my child."

"Sixty-five, and no wrinkles!" exclaimed Auramania innocently. The old lady laughed, saying:

"The enamel hides the age."

"True," said the girl. "If your hair were not gray, you might be taken for forty. If I had your hair and dress on, Madame Bachan, do you not think I could pass for you?"

"Very likely," said the old lady. "You are about my height. But ah! you could not hide your youth."

"Let that be my risk, Madame. I am rich. How much money would take you to Italy, leaving with me your name and fame?"

"You would be detected."

"I would go to England."

"You are brave and daring."

"I must be, or my enemies will overtake me. Name your sum."

"Twenty-five thousand pounds in English money."

"Madame Bachan, you shall go to your daughter." The old lady wept.

"My daughter, my Marie! I shall soon be with you—never to part, my Marie!"

"Why did she leave you? Was she ill?"

"She is in a decline, ma'mselle. She is the only thing I have left to love. I have been married twice, ma'mselle. My first husband died when Marie was one year old. I remained a widow for five years, and again married, this time one who was old enough to be my father. In a few years I was again left alone with my child."

"Tell me how you first knew you were gifted with this wonderful insight," interrupted Auramania.

"I was sitting counting my loneliness, with a friend's hands within my own, when suddenly, like a dream, stood before me strange incidents of that friend's past life. As they passed before me, I related them. From that time I have been able to support my daughter and myself in comfort."

"As you speak, Madame Bachan, I see a life pass before me. Do not speak. Look there! A lovely woman is weeping at the feet of a tall, dark man. I cannot see her face. Her hair is like the golden hues of the sun. Again that man! The fair head is still bowed. See—she is in poverty. In the corner of the room a boy half starved and weeping. The woman springs up. Oh, her face! that face! 'Tis mine, 'tis mine!' She buried her face in her hands. "Ah, madame," she cried, "'tis a forewarning of my own wretched life!"

"My child, you are indeed a clairvoyant," said the old lady. "I no longer fear to leave you my name and reputation."

"To-night, then, madame, I will see you again." They bowed low to each other, and Auramania now wended her way to the Convent St. Marie.

CHAPTER IX.

FLORENCE DE CORSE.

It was the hour for prayers. The Sisters had congregated in the chapel: the Sister Superior alone was absent. As they knelt, the good priest prayed for the soul of Florence De Corse, who lay dying in her narrow bed. Scarcely twenty summers had passed over her young head, yet within the walls of the Convent St. Marie this beautiful flower was fading in its bloom, dying for want of the pure light of heaven—shut out from its golden gates, immured in a living tomb. She was the last pearl of a noble house whose name had never been sullied by the breath of scandal or an act of shame. The honored name of De Corse was a passport to the Court of Versailles—aye, throughout fair France itself. All honor to their buried ashes, wherewith are soon too mingle those of the last fair lily of their house.

The good Sister Superior wept by the side of the young virgin. The muffled tones of a bell by her side told her she was needed. Softly she passed out into the visitor's apartment, and started on beholding a beautiful girl, whose resemblance to the dying maiden for a moment overcame her.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," she gasped faintly. "Your resemblance to a young girl, a Sister, whom I have left dying, startled me. Yet, now I look again, I cannot see the likeness, except in your figure, dark hair, and eyes."

An idea, half wild, entered the brain of Auramania. Quick as the lightning's flash she acted upon the strange impulse.

"Dying, Sister? I never saw a young girl dying. Oh, let me see her! The errand I came upon you shall know by-and-bye. Let me see her!"

The Sister, as if acting from the controlling magnetism of the girl's eyes, beckoned her to follow, without even replying to her request. In a moment she stood by the bedside of Florence De Corse. Calmly taking the cold hand between her own, she gazed upon the dying girl. Auramania's eyes were looking on the form. As she held her hands, the girl lived and breathed. She saw her dead and buried in the vaults of her ancestors. Still Florence De Corse lived, lived in Auramania! Auramania read the Sister's heart—she wept not for love of the maiden, but for the fortune that died with her. Dropping the hand of the dying girl, Auramania turned to the Superior, whose head was bowed in sorrow upon her breast. Auramania looked wildly as she caught the Superior's hand, saying:

"You weep not for the dying girl, but 'tis for the wealth which dies with her!"

The Sister, who seemed to be acting under a spell, said quietly:

"Ah, mademoiselle; it is the wealth of that maiden which supports our holy convent. What will become of us when she dies?"

"She shall not die!" whispered a voice in the astonished Sister's ears. "She shall live! Her wealth shall still be yours, if you will help me."

"Mademoiselle, in what manner can you?"

"Nay, do not shrink from me. I am not mad," said Auramania. "I am a young girl without a name, but I am rich. Do you not understand me? Give me the name of Florence De Corse. The world will be none the wiser. The wealth of the maiden is yours still. Bury the girl in the convent where she has lived, and bury the secret in your heart and mine."

A blush, a sigh. They turned to the bed—the young girl was dead.

"You see, you see!" Auramania continued wildly. "She is dead, while I live—without a name, without a name!"

"Gently, gently," said the Sister. "We shall be overheard. Listen to me, young girl. This is a wicked thing you ask of me. I shall be deceiving the world, breaking vows, while you—how know I what use you will make of the pure, spotless name of that dead girl, sprung from a noble race?"

The eyes of our heroine softened; she lifted the dead girl's hand; her voice was low and earnest:

"Ah, Sister! my life has been a tortured one; but my heart was pure, my body as spotless as this dead girl's! Oh, grant me my prayer, while here, over this insensible clay, I swear never by an unholy act of mine to bring disgrace upon the honored name she bore!"

As she spoke, she fell upon her knees and pressed her lips to the marble brow of the dead girl.

"Rise," said the Sister Superior in a solemn voice—"rise, Florence De Corse! Heaven seems to impress me, for the sake of this holy convent, to grant your prayer! I feel you have a pure soul, I believe implicitly every word you utter. You were certainly born to hold a high position in this world: nobility is stamped upon your fair young face. Nor do I fear to bestow upon you the unsullied name of the dead clay. When Florence De Corse was placed in my arms by her dying mother, it was with the wish that the veil should not be forced upon her. For twenty years she was to remain as a pupil in our convent, and at the end of that period she was to choose between the world and us. I will give out the glad tiding of her recovery. In a few weeks you will return. I shall within that time have confided my secret to Father John, and with a breaking heart announce your intention to go into the world, whence, should you grow weary of its vices, you will return to this home, the Convent St. Marie!" She made the sign of the cross, and, gently opening the door, grasped Auramania's hand and spoke softly: "The Virgin Mary bless you! You have saved us! *Au revoir*, Florence De Corse!"

CHAPTER X.

A NAME.

Wild with joy, Auramania fled along the Boulevards back to her hotel. What cared she for the passers-by who stopped to wonder what strange object was flying along? Had she not a name—a name borne by a spotless maiden, a name by which she could defy the past, defy the wretch who was bent upon her destruction? Yes, yes; the workhouse girl, the thief, had a name! Never again would she have hissed in her ear: "Auramania!" "Thief!" Never, unless by Jack Bennett's lips. Was she not now a human being? The low crowd who once knew Auramania would never enter the circle of Florence De Corse. What was the past now? Nothing. The future, the future! As Madame Bachan, could she not earn more gold, and discover if she herself were safe in this disguise? Could she not travel London with that fear of being recognized by Bennett? Could she not, as Madame Bachan, discover the unfortunate outcasts, do good to her fellow-creatures? Had she not now something to live for? Could she not make use of her stolen wealth by sharing it amongst the poor and wretched? Such were the thoughts which quickly passed through her brain as she sped along the streets.

Poor Auramania! poor girl! How few can understand a nature like thine! Ah, had thy angel mother lived, had thy angel mother lived! But the blood of Raphael Goldsmith flows in thy veins! We accept thee as thou art, forsaken child.

Ah, Auramania, art thou indeed mad? Why dost thy fingers linger amongst those diamonds? Why that strange light in thy eyes? Ah, recoil from it as thou wilt, crush the thought from thy burning brain, thou art indeed Gold Mad!

It was night before she returned to Madame Bachan, who in her clairvoyant state had read the truthfulness of the young girl's intentions, and was now preparing for her departure for Italy. She was no longer abrupt or irritable, but received our heroine in a kind, motherly manner.

"My dear, I know not how to address you."

"Address me as Madame Bachan," said Auramania, smiling, at the same time placing upon her head a gray wig, the counterfeit of the old lady's.

"Good, good!" said the clairvoyant, ringing the bell and ordering the maid to bring her state robe, as she called the dress she wore during business hours. In a few moments the workhouse girl sat on the velvet chair, disguised as Madame Bachan.

"You will pass, if you powder your face and darken the room. Else your youth might be discovered. Let me hear you imitate my voice."

"Come, come; sit down, sit down," said Auramania in the quick, deep tones of the old lady, and which were more perfect even than the disguise.

For three long hours the determined girl practiced the eccentricities of the old fortune-teller. The latter pronounced her a great actress.

"You are undertaking a rather dangerous task. I do not understand why, except as far as I could see—to elude the persecution of an enemy. You have escaped from somewhere, stolen your father's wealth, which is by right yours." (Auramania shivered.) "Whoever and what you are, I know not. Still, I warn you before it is too late. Should you be discovered, imprisonment as an imposter will be your fate. Your beauty alone might save you. I have for twenty years borne the reputation of a wonderful clairvoyant, been visited by the nobles of the land. Therefore, young girl, be careful."

"Thank you, madame. I will read but one thing, and to prevent that no danger is too great for me to risk."

On the close of the third day, an old lady bearing the name of Madame La Clare sailed for Italy, while Auramania, as Madame Bachan, retained the elegant apartments on the Boulevards. New advertisements were circulated. Fortune-telling could be consulted upon but three days of the week, and then during three stated hours only. In the interval our heroine was under the instructions of the first professors in Paris, who wondered in vain who this young genius was who grasped and understood without a single effort. Who was this strange beauty, never seen abroad?

At last the teachers, who had addressed her by the name of mademoiselle only, made a discovery. Written in one of her French books was "Florence De Corse, presented by Sister Louisa, Convent St. Marie." A noble name, descended from an honored race. This strange, beautiful girl was a De Corse. The name that, for twenty years, had been forgotten, was revived.

Many a young nobleman listened impatiently to the prophecies of Auramania in the darkened room, little dreaming the old lady with the silver hair and sharp face was no other than the mysterious beauty whom they hoped in vain to see enter the apartment.

CHAPTER XI.

FATHER JOHN.

It was the evening on which Auramania had left the Convent St. Marie. The last bell had sounded, the Sisters had retired. Father John sat in his study, sadly meditating upon the approaching death of the young Florence. A gentle tap at the door, not to be mistaken, disturbed his reverie.

"Come in."

The Sister Superior entered, and fell at the feet of the priest.

"Sister Louisa, is she dead?" No answer. "What is to become of this holy convent? Rise, Sister, and let us consider. Grieve not for the dead, but for the living."

She sat by his side, and a strange smile played around her thin lips.

"Father John," she said, "our holy convent shall not fall for want of funds. Florence De Corse die, if *you* will help me to save her."

"What mean you?"

She whispered:

"She is dead, in the room below. No one knows this save you and me; yet still she lives. A few hours ago I was visited by a young girl, as child, as beautiful as the dead, whose life is apparently shrouded in mystery. In frenzied accents, as she stood over the dead girl, she begged of me to bestow upon her a name. A child of shame, no doubt, but of noble blood, Father. Upon her knees she swore her life had been spotless, and that never by an act of hers would she disgrace the name of De Corse."

"Louisa, she was mad."

"No, Father; no! A nameless wanderer, an ambitious soul, but not mad."

"Finish your story, Sister."

"The poverty of our holy tabernacle stood above all considerations of danger. Had Sister Florence lived, she would be free to move in the world—which she never would have done, Heaven rest her soul! Father John, I could not resist the temptation. Not one of the Sisters is aware of her death. We can throw her body into the river."

"What, Sister! consign her sacred body to the fishes! No, no; she must be buried in the vault of her ancestors. Upon no other condition would I aid in this deception. It can be easily managed. I have the key of the vault. Before dawn, I will assist you. Then, at the foot of the Cross, we will pray to be absolved. The rest I leave to you."

Before the break of day the body of Florence De Corse lay in the vaults of her fathers. Sister Louisa secured the key, which in a few weeks afterward she placed in the hands of Auramania.

CHAPTER XII.

GOLD MAD.

Secure in her countless wealth and in her disguise, her father's love of gold grew stronger in the breast of Auramania. All who visited the fortune-teller paid according to their means and rank. Half the value of whatever had been stolen was demanded, until to what she already possessed she had added an enormous sum. When alone, and freed from the task, she would sit insanely worshiping her treasures. Strange moods came over her. At times her heart grew full of bitterness, and she swore to be revenged upon the the world for injuries she had received. In those moments all were forgotten—the poor, and Shadow, and Jane Trippton. Remembered only were the prison walls. Again she would feel the sting of the whip upon her tender flesh. Again would she see the fiend who was the dread of her life. In her clairvoyant state she knew he was hunting her as a wild beast hunts its prey, and a frenzied laugh revealed her determination to baffle him. Insanity seemed to rush to her brain, until at length, becoming horrified at her own wildness, she would thrust the gold and diamonds back to their hiding-place, order her carriage, and, safe in her disguise, would mingle with the poor, sharing with them the gold she had worshiped.

On her return upon these occasions she would pray to the spirit of the dead girl whose name she bore to pity and forgive her. She grew restless, and longed to be acknowledged as Florence De Corse. She pined, too, for the sight of the old man whose mild blue eyes and simple song ever calmed her restless soul; and so the adventurous girl determined that as soon as she had acquired those accomplishments which would enable her to move in a different circle, she would return again to England, which held all that was dear to her on earth—Shadow.

CHAPTER XIII.

BETTY NIGHTINGALE.

A soft, serene, richly tinted picture. The setting sun shone on the oriel casements of an ivy-covered Elizabethan mansion. In the silence no sound save the sweet song of the birds' good-night, and the murmuring ripple of the Summer's wave, broke upon the air. Seated in a rose-bower, her lovely head thrown back, gazing with almost childish rapture at the golden radiance in the sky, was Betty Nightingale, a little fairy, more framed for heaven than earth. She was in the earliest years of girlhood: scarcely fifteen Summers had thrown their radiance over her. Her delicate skin was as the white-rose leaf, the blush upon her cheek defied the painter's art, and her luminous blue eyes, shadowed by their dark lashes, looked black. Her sunny hair fell in short, clustering curls, making her seem a creature of ethereal loveliness. The only child of Lord Nightingale, there she sat gazing into the sky, while she listened to a voice that sounded sweeter than the carol of the birds or the gentle murmur of the waves. It was the voice of one who sat at her feet whispering words young maidens love to hear, while he looked into her face and watched the smile that played upon her ruby lips.

"Cousin Maurice, let go my hand. I would rather listen to the birds, or to the sea, than to your nonsense."

A tell-tale blush contradicted the words issuing from the coral cave.

"Betty, I will not repeat them," said the boy of nineteen, as he dropped the small white hand.

"Ah, Maurice, you're angry! I will not call it nonsense any more, if you will forgive me. I am no longer a child, Maurice; nor do I listen to your voice, as I used. We have been together since childhood, and it is so natural for you to love me, cousin. But since—since you have been to London, you do not seem like him who left me. I fear you do not mean what you say, Maurice."

"For shame, Betty! I thought you knew how I loved you. I have told you the same tale for years. With each succeeding year I grow more estranged? We are both young, but I know I love you dearer than anything else in this world. I could sit here at your feet, listen to your voice, gaze into your eyes, and never, never, weary. If this is not love, Cousin Betty, I am sure I don't know what love is."

"I don't think you do," she said playfully, while her young heart believed. "You will see such beautiful women in London, you will soon forget Woodbury Manor, and poor papa, and Betty."

"Never, never! You are my first, my only love. Forget you! Do you think London holds such a lovely flower as my sweet cousin? Wait till we are married; I will take you to the great world."

"Papa wouldn't allow me to live in London, Maurice."

"You would belong to me then, fair coz, and I should take you where I pleased."

Betty Nightingale loved Maurice Strafford with all the simple purity of a girl's first love, yet she loved her gay-hearted little cousin; and had she to choose between them, her father would have the strongest hold upon her heart.

Lord Nightingale had married a young, pure girl, of humble but honest, worthy parentage, for which act the world never forgave him: nor would society receive his lovely wife, though a coronet were placed upon her brow. Lord Nightingale, a noble man, scorned the opinions of the fashionable world, and retired with his bride to his elegant country-seat in this lovely valley near the sea. They made of it a happy home, a little world of their own. The young wife, whose spiritual beauty captivated while it enthralled, was the soul of Lord Nightingale. She died in giving birth to their only child. Once more he was free to pick from amongst the titled crowd. The world begged him to return to its gay and exclusive circle. He could not resist the appeal. For the sake of his child he married one from his own class—a beautiful woman of the world. He loved his first wife, he idolized the second, whose life for purity he was unsuspicious of the intriguing woman whom he loved, clasped to his breast and called wife.

Lord Nightingale, as many others have done, received under his roof the lover of his unfaithful wife, and, when too late, discovered her infidelity. With hard, relentless will, he bade the matchless actress begone! Closed forever was his heart to the world, and with his little child, the offspring of a pure woman, for whom the memory of his dead love returned to live there evermore, he went back to the sacred home that had never been sullied, and in that garden of flowers devoted his life to the education of her who day by day grew more like her mother. To shield her from every pain, indulge her every wish, was his constant care. He lived only when she was near. He saw her bursting into womanhood, but the thought of separation from her had not entered his mind. Scarcely fifty years of age, he yet, with hair gray and form bent from the disgrace that a bad woman had brought upon his honored name, appeared an old man, as, hidden by the thick shrubbery, the old lord stood gazing upon his daughter and young Maurice. The experienced father understood the light which shone from the young man's eyes. It was admiration!

The blush, the drooping head, of his child!

Alas! was it love?

And for the first time he fully realized that his young daughter was ripening into womanhood. Would she too be taken from him? Reproaching himself for having had them educated together, he left the spot, meditating as he went: Was not Maurice the child of his only sister? It was but natural that they should grow to love each other. But how could he ever part with his young dove? He must speak to Maurice—send him back to London.

Ordering his footman to inform his nephew that he wished to speak with him, he entered the library.

"My kind uncle, I'm at your service. Shall Betty be permitted to listen to our state-secrets?"

He held the door ajar, while sweet Betty stood in mock patience waiting to be admitted.

"My own dear papa, you have no state-secrets from Betty?" She pushed her small white hand through the opening, and with a merry laugh, which sounded like the peal of silver bells, she caught her cousin's curly locks. "Let me in, Maurice—let me in, or I'll hurt you."

Maurice held the white hand prisoner, while he pressed a dozen kisses upon its lily palm. With a face suffused with blushes, with another musical peal of silver bells, she darted like a young fawn through the flower-beds.

Maurice and Lord Nightingale stood gazing through the Elizabethan windows at the gleeful child. She threw herself upon a mossy bank.

"I love you, Maurice! I love you!"

The rose melted upon her cheek and blushed with deepened brilliance upon her lip. "First love!"

The joyousness of his young rosebud touched the lord's heart. He laid his head upon the table and wept even in the presence of his nephew.

"You are not well this evening, Uncle Nightingale?"

"Maurice, how long do you intend to stay at Woodbury Manor?" He spoke abruptly.

"Uncle?"

"You must return at once. Your visits must be less frequent."

"What have I done, sir?" The face of the youth flushed.

"I have loved you as my own child. Beware you do not rob me of my happiness—the last! the last!"

"My cousin Betty loves me, sir!"

"It is but the love of a girl. You are children—you have no right to think of love."

"I do not *think*, sir—it comes of itself. You forget, my lord, that at my age you were the husband of Betty's mother."

"At your age, Maurice, I was a man of the world. You are still an innocent boy."

The flushed cheeks of the young lord deepened at the remembrance of how easily he had been led astray by the gay Lord Clifton.

"Boy as I am, I love my cousin Betty."

"You think so." Return to the gay city; mingle with the women of fashion. Forget her, and after a few years bring back your heart fresh and pure, I will think about it."

"I will, sir, return with my heart fresh and green with the purity of its first love!"

"Spoken like an honorable man. Now take leave of your cousin."

"Good-bye, sir!"

He was about to leave the library.

"Exchange no vows, Maurice!"

"Oh, sir, you are unkind!"

"Good-bye, Maurice."

The youth of nineteen fancied himself the victim of a cruel father. He found the rosebud asleep on the mossbank, with her pet dog Nero keeping watch by her side.

Ah, Betty! of whom are you dreaming? He looked upon the beautiful picture. The first romance of his life! Would he ever forget his fairy cousin? Never! He loved, worshiped her. In a few years, his wife! Cruel father, to doubt his true love. He knelt by her side and softly whispered:

"Of whom are you dreaming?"

Of thee, Maurice Strafford! She was sailing upon the lake, watching the golden fishes in its clear waters, listening to a loved voice by her side. Swiftly the light skiff glided along over beds of water-lillies whose aroma filled the air. Suddenly there seemed to spring up from the silver lake a flower of such dazzling brightness that her eyes closed. The perfume sickened her: she fell upon the breast of Maurice and fainted; while he, fearful of losing the flower, which seemed to grow and let her drop gently down into the tranquil stream.

As she sank lower and lower, he faded from her sight leaving her alone with him, Broken from the stem, it had lost its perfume, its beauty faded. She lay upon a coral bed: the golden fishes danced in the moonlight. Expiring, she stretched forth her arms and was caught to the cold breast of her lover, with the melancholy stem between them. Still she was saved!

As he gazed upon the varying expression on her face, he pressed his lips upon her fair brow. She awoke!

"O Maurice! I've had such a strange dream," she exclaimed.

They sat upon the mossy bank, while she told the story.

"I will interpret for you, my own sweet cousin: I am going away!"

"Away?"

"This very day—hour—minute."

"O Maurice!"

For an instant she sat motionless. Then, springing to her feet, with a changed voice she cried:

"Maurice, *I* can interpret better than *you*: you will never come back!"

"Betty!"

"You will die! you will die!"

He caught her in his arms and whispered softly:

"I will live to marry you." He kissed the tears from the blue eyes. "Good-bye! good-bye!" He was gone. She stood in all her girlish beauty, her golden tresses floating in the Summer's breeze.

"Give me, oh, give me back my heart again!" she cried. "Maurice! Maurice!"

A loud sob broke upon her ear: Lord Nightingale was before her, weeping for the dying love of his child.

"O, papa, papa! my own papa! forgive me, forgive me!"

She saw the gentle reproach in his eyes.

"Better I had died with your angel mother, than have lived to know I held but a second place in my daughter's heart."

She clung closer around him as she cried:

"Papa, papa! do you doubt my love for you? My own darling papa, nothing in this world could take me from you!"

"Yes—Maurice."

"No, no! Not even Maurice. I love him dearly—oh, how I love him!—but I love my own papa dearer than all the world besides!"

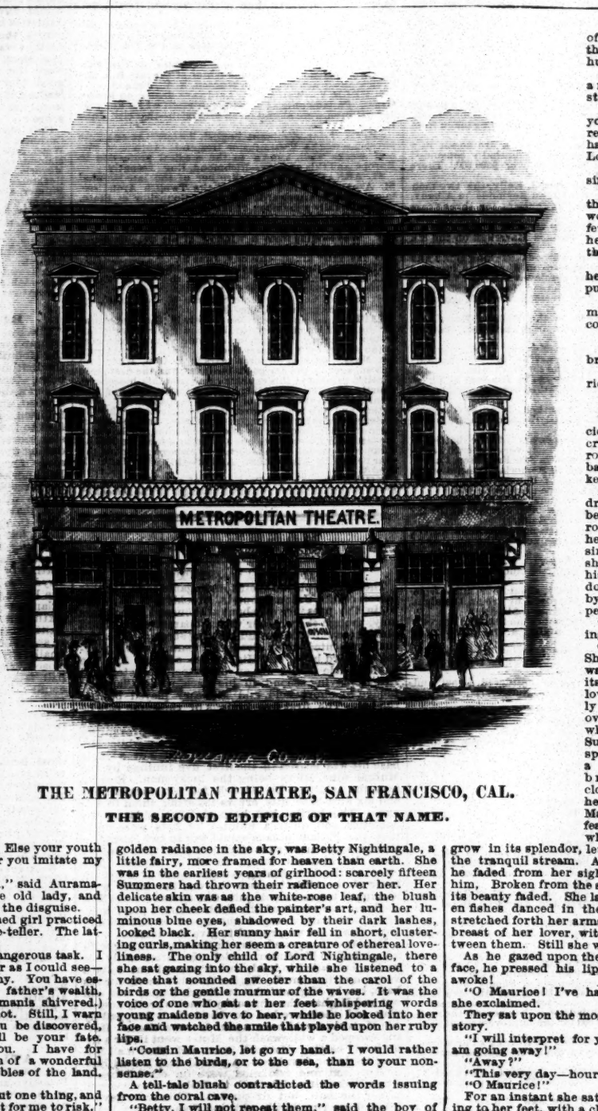
He pressed her fondly to his bosom, while he felt that her love repaid him for all his years of sorrow.

"You will never leave your father—you will never marry?"

"Never while my own dear, dear papa lives!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE.



THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE SECOND EDIFICE OF THAT NAME.

The Metropolitan, one of the oldest theatres in San Francisco, California, situated on Montgomery street, between Jackson and Washington streets, was built in 1853 and opened under the management of Catherine Sinclair, formerly Mrs. Edwin Forrest, who then acted one of her favorite characters, supported by a strong stock company. During the season as well as those of 1854–5 and 1855–6 first-class dramatic performances were given, alternating with Italian opera by a troupe under the direction of Signor Bianchi. During the season of 1854–5 Barney Williams and wife performed a highly successful star engagement. In 1855 Miss Josie Gougenheim filled a star engagement and Signor Gubati appeared in Italian opera. Miss Gougenheim reappeared in November and performed until the middle of December. The theatre at that time was under the management of Mr. Baker. The Martinetti Pantomime Troupe made their first appearance during the holidays and continued to perform until March 4, 1856, ending a brief season in January, when James Stark was engaged for dramatic performances. In May, Risley's Ballet Troupe performed for a time. In January, 1857, John Torrance was the lessee, and a dramatic season was inaugurated which lasted until the following August. The National Circus performed from Sept. 22 until Oct. 4, and on Oct. 11th Parkhill & Rodgers exhibited their Panorama of Incidents of the Vigilance Committee, which, however, drew for only three nights and gave place to another panorama, which was exhibited until Dec. 29. On March 1, 1858, a combination of dramatic and equestrian performances was inaugurated given until the 15th. The Pennsylvanians a small concert troupe, gave one performance on April 28, and on June 22 Trenk & Torrance opened a dramatic season, which was terminated on August 15, 1860, by the total destruction of the building by fire. The work of rebuilding the theatre commenced April 11, 1861, and the new Metropolitan Theatre, of the exterior of which we publish an engraving in this issue, was opened for a dramatic season on July 1, under the management of John Torrance & Co. The theatre was built and intended for a first-class melodeon, although opened with dramatic performances. James Stark delivered the opening address and Miss Joey Gougenheim acted Constance in "The Love Chase." Of the company our correspondent at that date wrote as follows: "With the exception of Mrs. Judah and Harry Courtaine, they are not, in my opinion, capable of giving to a star the support required. The other members of the company are mostly selected from the different melodeons in this city. The house is beautiful and worthy of the architects and builders." The late McKean Buchanan, accompanied by his daughter, Virginia, arrived on July 4, and appeared for a few nights, commencing the 29th, acting in "Virginius." The Martinetti Troupe performed for a season, and in October Joey and Adelaide Gougenheim acted one week, and the theatre then came into the hands of Mr. Eddy, agent of the Gougenheim Sisters, who managed a theatrical season which lasted until January, 1862, the Martinettis acting during the holidays. Thomas Maguire and John Torrance leased the theatre on March 13, intending to "engage anything that came along." On April 28 Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne received a complimentary benefit. In August the Hanlon Brothers appeared in conjunction with Birch's Minstrel Troupe. In September Hermann the magician performed for a brief season, and until November dramatic and operatic productions were given, followed by a circus company, which performed until the 10th, when the dramatic season was resumed. Mr. Tibbitts became the lessee in 1863, and various local companies performed dramatic pieces until Nov. 17, when Artemus Ward opened a series of lectures, closing on the 30th. Thomas R. McKeon opened a brief dramatic season on Dec. 1, which closed on the 8th. Prof. Simmons, a magician, appeared on the 14th, and continued a few nights. On Jan. 25, 1864, McKeon and C. R. Thorne commenced a dramatic season. During April the Bianchi Italian Opera Troupe held possession of the theatre, under the management of Marsh & Allen. During June, July and a portion of August, Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne and Miss Annette Ince acted, and on August 10 Miss Emily Jordan became the lessee and ran a dramatic season until Sept. 12. On Nov. 21 Mr. Hoffman became the lessee, and was succeeded as such on Dec. 7 by A. Torning, who ran a variety season, which continued until E. G. Bert took possession in 1865, and who was also the lessee at the time of its destruction, caused by the opening of Montgomery avenue. The most noted productions since 1865 were "The Sheep's Foot," a grand spectacular extravaganza, produced during the holidays of 1867; "The Black Crook" in 1868, and "The Queen of the Amazons" in 1872. It will be seen that until the last few years of its existence it never achieved anything like permanent success. The management and style of performances were almost constantly changing, and but few of the seasons yielded any great pecuniary profit. We are indebted to Mr. Owen Fawcett, comedian, for a picture of the theatre, from which our engraving was taken.

LEAVES FROM A SHOWMAN'S DIARY.

BY JOHN SMITH.

Disgusted with show business, I once concluded to bid adieu to show business forever. What, an idea! John Smith quit a profession that had cost him eighteen years of his life to acquire, and leave it without a "rap!" Strong-minded John! I did it, however, and the Fall of 1852 saw me quietly settled down as mine host of the Halfway House, on the Shell Road, two miles and a half or thereabouts from Mobile, Ala.

"Way down in Alabama, some two miles from Mobile, There lived a pretty Creole girl, they called her Lucy Neal."

Poetical, wasn't it, to live so near to so dear a creature as the sweet Lucy, a girl whose praises had been sung from Niagara to the Mammoth Cave? Not a stone's throw from the colored girl's residence, John Smith's sign hung from two huge posts, with the b'hoys and their f

NEW YORK CLIPPER.
SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1873.
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. T. Rogers, Brooklyn.—John Morrissey was born in Templemore, County Tipperary, Ireland, in 1832. He is 5 ft. 10½ in. in height, and weighs 190 lbs. He left Ireland in 1848, and came to America. He was champion prize fighter of America from 1853 to 1858, when he retired undefeated. He was elected to Congress from the Third District of New York in 1876, and served two terms. He is now a member of the New York Board of Aldermen.

J. F. Hoffman, Jersey City.—Address Mr. Wood, Secretary Jersey City Jockey Club, Communipaw, N. J.

Subscriber, Cincinnati.—Address Mr. Wm. Wheeler, Secretary Cincinnati Jockey Club, Cincinnati, O

THE TURF.

JEROME PARK RACES.

FOURTH DAY, TUESDAY, JUNE 17.

SHYLOCK WINS THE HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES; BOSS TWEED THE TWO-MILE RACE; SANFORD THE MEMBERS' CUP; AND SPRINGBOK THE MILE-HEAT RACE —THE FASTEST MILE TIME EVER MADE ON JEROME PARK COURSE.

The same delightful weather which had distinguished the first three days of the Spring Meeting at Jerome Park was continued over Tuesday, the 17th inst., the fourth day of the meeting. The sun shone bright and a pleasant breeze made it agreeably cool. The attendance was not so large as on the previous days, for Tuesday was regarded as an "off-day," notwithstanding that the programme of racing was attractive. The course was in excellent order and very fast time was made, as was manifested in the final heat of the last race, when the winner, Springbok, ran the mile in 1:44½, the fastest time ever made at Jerome Park, and which is acknowledged by good judges to be equal to 1:43¼ or better on the Saratoga, Lexington, or Monmouth Park courses.

There were four races on the the card; a dash of a mile and a quarter; a two-mile dash; a mile heat race, and a dash of a mile and an eighth for gentlemen riders.

THE HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES,

which opened the sport, was for all ages, one mile and a quarter. The entries were Rice & McCormick's Wanderer; W. M. Conner's Sunrise; J. G. K. Lawrence's Shylock, and W. R. Babcock's Conductor. Wanderer was withdrawn, and the pool betting on the others was as follows:

	$300	$100	$150	$160	$300	$200
Sunrise						
Conductor	90	60	90	115	200	100
Shylock	170	65	120	160	405	185

Sunrise was at first the favorite, but it being rumored she was suffering from sexual disturbances, Shylock superseded her in public estimation, and a good deal of money went on him. Conductor had many friends, also, his owner, Mr. Babcock, declaring that he would win if he did not break down. The flag fell to an excellent start, and the three horses ran abreast from the three-quarter pole, the starting-point, past the grand stand and quarter-pole, to the club-house bluff, on rounding which Sunrise showed half a length in front. Coming in view again, she was leading two lengths, but on the lower stretch Shylock gradually closed the gap, and as they swung into the last quarter he was on even terms with the filly. A magnificent race home, lasting every inch of the way, resulted in the victory of Shylock in the last stride by a short head in 2:16; Conductor, who pulled up very lame, being three lengths behind Sunrise. In coming up the stretch, Shylock crowded the filly on the rails, but neither owner nor trainer made any complaint to judges of foul riding against Lakeland. Had they done so, we think it exceedingly probable the race would have been awarded to Sunrise. Summary:

JEROME PARK, FORDHAM, N. Y., June 17, 1873.—Spring Meeting of the American Jockey Club. Fourth day. First Race.—Handicap Sweepstakes, for all ages; $50 each, half forfeit, and only $10 if declared, with $500 added; the second horse to save his entrance and to receive the money for the declarations; winner of any race after the publication of the weights, 5lb extra; of two or more such races, 10lb extra. Closed with four entries, all of whom accepted. Value of stakes, $675. Dash of a mile and a quarter.

J. G. K. Lawrence's b c Shylock, 4 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Edith, 100lb.....W. Lakeland 1
W. M. Conner's b f Sunrise, 3 yrs old, by Planet, dam Ultima, 87lb.....Abe Robinson 2
W. R. Babcock's b h Conductor, 6 yrs old, by imp. Australian, dam Nettie Viley, 107lb.....Joe Robinson 3

THE TWO-MILE DASH

was a selling race for a purse of $700, for all ages. The entries were Rice & McCormick's Bessie Lee; McDaniels & Co.'s Boss Tweed and Sue Ryder; W. R. Babcock's Ethel Sprague, and M. A. Littell's Winesap. The pool selling, which was very spirited, was as under:

	$235	$300	$305	$460	$110
McDaniels					
Bessie Lee	200	325	400	800	200
Winesap	45	75	140	200	80
Ethel Sprague	21	75	100	120	40

When the flag fell, Boss Tweed jumped off with the lead, but before they had got to the turn he was pulled back, and his stable companion Sue Ryder took up the running at a rattling pace, Winesap being second, Bessie Lee third, and Boss Tweed last. Sue Ryder led the field at a merry pace throughout the first mile, Bessie Lee being second as they went under the string, Boss Tweed next, Ethel Sprague fourth, and Winesap, who found the pace too hot, last of all. They ran thus around the club-house hill, where Bessie Lee, in trying to get the inside position from Sue Ryder, was forced on the rails and had one of her fore legs cut. At this juncture Boss Tweed passed them both, and retaining his lead throughout galloped home an easy winner by four lengths: Bessie Lee second, three lengths before Sue Ryder; and Ethel Sprague, who, as usual, ran unkindly, last in the race. Time, 3:41. Boss Tweed was put up at auction, but there being no advance over the entered price of $1,500, he was returned to the stable, and still belongs to the powerful string of the Confederacy stable. Summary:

SECOND RACE.—Purse $700, for all ages, 5 per cent. entrance to go to the second horse; if entered to be sold for $3,000, to carry weight for age; if entered to be sold for $2,500, allowed 3lb.; for $2,000, 5lb.; but if not to be sold, to carry 10lb. extra. A dash of two miles.

D. McDaniels & Co.'s b c Boss Tweed, 4 yrs old by Asteroid, dam Alabama, $1,500, 100lb.....McCabe 1
Rice & McCormick's b f Bessie Lee, 4 yrs old, by Hunter's Lexington, dam by Charister, $2,000, 100lb.....Abe Robinson 2
D. McDaniels & Co.'s b f Sue Ryder, 4 yrs old, by Knight of Norfolk, dam Glycera, by King 3
M. A. Littell's b m Winesap, 5 yrs old, by Vandyke, dam Nina, $1,500, 103lb.....Donohue 0
W. R. Babcock's ch f Ethel Sprague, 4 yrs old, by Jack Malone, dam Vesper Light, $1,500, 97lb.....Marshall 0

Time, 3:41.

THE MEMBERS' CUP.

A handicap sweepstakes was the third race. The distance was one mile and a furlong, and of the eight horses entered, two of them, Lochiel and Vespacius, were withdrawn. The starters and riders were as follows: Frederick L. Hart, who rode Sorrel Dan, A. B. Purdy on Maseus, E. Sanford on Cadence, A. Classon on Sanford, Robert Center on Victor, and D. J. Bannatyne on his own horse Stockwood. The withdrawal of Lochiel caused considerable betting on this race; Stockwood being selected as the favorite, and the pool-selling averaged as under:

	$150	$1,000	$540	$250	$250
Stockwood					
Sanford	95	205	160		
Sorrel Dan	85	305	170	Field.	
Cadence	30	190	100		280 300
Field	70	205	210	Field.	

The beautiful new colors of the gentlemen jockeys looked brilliant in the bright rays of the sun as they assembled in front of the grand stand for the start. Mr. Bruce got them off without any delay. Stockwood and Sanford cutting out the running at a hot pace, and before they had gone a quarter of a mile it was evident the race was confined to the pair; Mascus being third, several lengths off, Victor and Cadence next, and Sorrel Dan last. The dust obscured them from view on the lower stretch, but as they entered the straight run home Sanford was a length ahead of the favorite, and increasing this lead at every stride he galloped home an easy winner by four lengths in 2:04½; Stockwood was second, two lengths before Victor; Mascus and Cadence the next two, and Sorrel Dan last. Summary:

THIRD RACE.—The Members' Cup; a handicap stake for all ages; value, $500; entrance $25, p. p., the whole of which is to go to the second horse; to be ridden by members of the American Jockey Club; minimum weight, 140lb.; mile and a furlong; value of stakes, $700. A dash of a mile and a furlong.

J. Donohue's ch h Sanford, aged, by Uncle Vic, dam Dolly Carter, aged, 152lb.....Chase 1
D. J. Bannatyne's ch h Stockwood, 5 yrs old, by Asteroid, dam Alabama, 115lb.....Owner 2
Jetu Walden's b h Victor, 4 yrs old, by Uncle Vic, dam by Scythian, 140lb.....J. Center 3
Dr. Kerwin's b g Mascus, 5 yrs old, by Prophet, dam Jessie Dixon, 140lb.....A. B. Purdy 0
J. H. Hasbrouck's ch g Cadence, 5 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Rachel Dawson, 143lb.....E. Sanford 0
J. Boughrum's ch g Sorrel Dan, aged, by Revenue, dam unknown, 145lb.....F. L. Hart 0

Time, 2:04½.

THE MILE HEAT RACE

for a purse of $600, for all ages, had the Belmont Stakes winner (Springbok), Buckden, Mildew and Sunrise entered, but the latter was not drawn. The betting was very spirited, the pools selling as follows before and after the first heat:

BEFORE THE RACE.				
Springbok	$405	$1,600	$600	$700
Mildew	145	300	150	145
Buckden	115	330	150	120
AFTER FIRST HEAT.				
Springbok	$500	Mildew		$30
Buckden	100			

First Heat.—When the flag fell, Mildew jumped off with a lead of three lengths, Springbok and Buckden nearly coming in collision as they started in pursuit. Mildew increased his lead around the turn and past the stables to the quarter-pole. Going down the descent to the club-house bluff, Springbok gave an exhibition of his tremendous speed, for in a few strides he collared and passed Mildew, and was leading half a length, as they went out of sight. When they came in view again he was leading two clear lengths, at a stroke of his opponents best speed, won the race in a canter by four lengths; Buckden six lengths before Mildew. Time, 1:45½.

Second Heat.—Buckden jumped off first, and his rider pulled in so quickly to take the inside from Springbok that he nearly forced him over the rails, and King was obliged to pull him to the outside. Rounding the turn the latter colt deprived Buckden of the lead, and galloping unistanced both his opponents in 1:44¾, the fastest time by ¾ of a second ever made on Jerome Park Course; Bayonet having won the Champion Stakes in 1869 in 1:45¾, carrying 100 pounds. The terrific speed displayed by Springbok in this race somewhat shook the confidence of the enthusiastic purchasers of Tom Bowling, especially as Col. McDaniels acknowledged his readiness to match his colt against the Kentucky crack for $5,000, $10,000 or $50,000 a side, at one, two, three, or four miles. Summary:

FOURTH RACE.—Purse $600, for all ages; 5 per cent. entrance to go to the second horse; winner of mile heats on the second day of the meeting excluded; mile heats.

D. McDaniels & Co.'s ch c Springbok, 3 yrs old, by imported Australian, dam Hester, by Lexington, 90lb.....T. King 1 1
Buckley & Tully's imported b c Buckden, 4 yrs old, by Lord Clifden, dam Consequence, 103lb.....N. Hayward 2 dis
M. H. Sanford's b g Mildew, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Mildred, 105lb.....B. McClellan 3 dis
W. M. Conner's b f Sunrise, 3 yrs old, by Planet, dam Ultima, 87lb.....dr

Time, 1:45½; 1:44¾.

A fifth race was to have taken place to decide a match for $500 a side between E. S. Rogers' Maryland colt, John Preston, 3 years, by Master Lightfoot, and J. C. Hare's colt, Aerolite, 3 years, by Asteroid; each to carry 100lb; one mile dash. It resulted in a forfeit on the part of Mr. Rogers.

MACDA $1,000; dash one mile, each to carry 100lb.
J. C. Hare's b c Aerolite, 3 yrs old, by Asteroid, dam Edith.....
E. Stanley Roger's b c John Preston, 3 yrs old, by Master Lightfoot, dam Ringdove.....rd ft

FIFTH DAY, THURSDAY, JUNE 19.

JOHN BOULGER WINS THE THREE-YEAR-OLD RACE; JOE DANIELS THE MILE DASH, AND HUBBARD WALES OVER FOR THE TWO-MILE-HEAT PURSE.

Thursday, the fifth day of the meeting, was a failure as far as the attendance and racing were concerned; the principal event of the day, the two-mile heat race for a purse of $1,000, having failed to fill, and the public did not care to encounter the intense heat in a journey to Jerome Park to see two short dash races, of which one appeared to be the certainty at proved for the colt Joe Daniels. It seems strange that with over one hundred and fifty horses at Jerome Park only one of them could be found to enter for the liberal purse of $1,000 offered by the Jockey Club for the two-mile-heat race. It appears that a combination exists among the owners of the principal racing stables, most of them prominent members of the American Jockey Club, against heat racing, and will not enter their horses in competition with the community, however, are far more popular with the community than the short dash races which now constitute the principal portion of the programme of the meetings here and at Saratoga, in consequence of this opposition, the stables of Messrs. Sanford, Withers, Hunter and Jerome, Rice & McCormick and Belmont were not represented; the stable of Col. McDaniels & Co. being the only one that made an entry for the race in question. This is certainly a poor response to the liberality of the Jockey Club, and these owners may find out hereafter that as it is the public who support by their presence the noble pastime of racing, their confessed and oft expressed preference for heat races ought to be catered to in some degree, or the sport itself will gradually decay, and associations, deprived of the public patronage, will not be able to offer such rich purses for competition as they have hitherto done.

THE THREE-YEAR-OLD RACE,

for a purse of $500, had eight entries, and all of them came to the post. These were J. F. Wilson & Co.'s John Boulger, R. W. Walden's Minnie W., M. H. Sanford's Milton, Isaac W. Pennock's colt by Planet, D. Withers' Stonehenge, Carroll & Coar's The Nurse, James A. Grinstead's War Cry, and John F. Chamberlin's Mary Constant. Of this lot Minnie W. was a great favorite in all pools sold; it being currently reported that she ran a fast mile trial a few days before, when she was timed in 1:43¼. This may have actually been the case, but if so, such trial had not benefited the filly, as she did not run within several seconds of such time in the actual race. Stonehenge, despite his currish temper and roguish propensities exhibited in the Belmont Stakes and three-year-old dash, was again supported strongly by his backers, who thought that at the third time of asking he would show to better advantage, but were again deceived. The pools sold were as follows:

	$300	$110	$100	$100	$100	$150	$460
Minnie W							
War Cry	65	30	60	55	65	85	75
Stonehenge	35	60	70	80	85	100	210
Milton	35	25	35	40	25	60	100
The Nurse	25	25	35	30	20	55	90
The field	30	25	40	40	35	70	85

The flag fell at the third attempt to a fair start, War Cry leading, with John Boulger and Stonehenge second and third, the favorite next, Mary Constant, Milton and Pennock's colt the last three. In this order they passed the stand, except that Stonehenge had fallen behind, having stopped to kick, and there kept company with Pennock's colt, who also exhibited a sulky disposition. No change was seen until going around the club-house turn, where The Nurse arrived War Cry of the lead, and John Boulger passed Minnie W. When the horses came in view on the lower stretch Minnie W. was a length in front of War Cry, with The Nurse and John Boulger lapped on the latter. Coming up the home-stretch Minnie W. appeared winning in a canter, but halfway up John Boulger came with a lightning rush, caught her at the distance, and after a fine struggle, in which the filly tired under the weight, won the race by a neck in 2:00. War Cry was third, Milton fourth, Stonehenge fifth and Pennock last. Summary:

PURSE $500, for three-year-olds; entrance money to second horse; winner of the Belmont Stakes, 5lb; of the Ladies' Stakes, 3lb extra; maidens allowed 5lb, beaten maidens 7lb; one mile and a furlong.

J. F. Wilson & Co.'s ch c John Boulger, by Revolver, dam Mattie C., 105lb.....Hazard 1
R. W. Walden's ch f Minnie W., by Planet, dam Edina, 107lb.....W. Lakeland 2
James A. Grinstead's ch c War Cry, by War Dance, dam Eliza Davis, 103lb.....B. McClellan 3
M. H. Sanford's ch g Milton, by Planet, dam Mildred, 100lb.....Feaks 4
D. D. Withers' b c Stonehenge, by Blair Athol, dam Combra, 103lb.....Holloway 5
J. F. Chamberlin's b f Mary Constant, by War Dance, dam Lass of Sidney, 100lb.....Dewyre 6
Carrol & Coar's b f The Nurse, by Australian, dam Zone, 100lb.....A. Robinson 7

Time, 2:00.

THE MILE DASH,

for a purse of $500, had six entries, of which the following five came to the post: D. McDaniels & Co.'s Joe Daniels, August Belmont's Gray Planet, Carroll & Coar's Ortolan, R. W. Walden's Minnie W., M. H. Sanford's Kadi. The other entry, Hunter & Traver's filly Quits, was withdrawn, having been sold to John Boughrum for $525. Joe Daniels was a warm favorite at first, but when it was seen that the Confederacy were not backing him to any great extent, owing to the horse not having done much work for the past two weeks, the fielders took courage, and plunged on Mr. Belmont's representative, Gray Planet, who looked very fit, and who, it was thought, would be suited by the distance, one mile. Pools sold as under:

	$300	$350	$210	$370	$225
Joe Daniels					
Gray Planet	75	195	100	150	70
Kadi	35	150	35	45	46
Minnie W	30	65	40	55	45
Ortolan	30	60	55	45	30

There was considerable difficulty in getting the lot started, mainly attributable to the fractiousness of Minnie W., who plainly showed that she had had quite enough in the previous race, and could not be induced to join her horses without being flogged to do so; Gray Planet was also difficult to manage at the post. When the flag fell to a straggling start, Ortolan jumped off with the lead, the favorite second, and Gray Planet in front of Minnie W. and Kadi. Ortolan increased his lead to two lengths on the first quarter, but Joe Daniels slightly reduced the gap on going around the bluff. Coming in view Joe Daniels closed on Ortolan, raced with him a few strides on the lower stretch, and quitting him entered the home stretch half a length ahead of the rest. When fairly on the straight stretch, Palmer let out Gray Planet, and with a fine burst of speed he shot past Ortolan and closed so rapidly on Joe Daniels opposite the grand stand that Roe was compelled to shake up his horse, who gallantly answered to the call, and, increasing his stride, went under the string a winner of the race by half a length; Ortolan third, two lengths behind Gray Planet; Kadi fourth, and Minnie W. last. The time, 1:44½, was the same as Springbok's second heat in the mile-heat race on the fourth day, and is the quickest mile ever run over Jerome Park. Joe Daniels thus won his first race in his four-year-old career, and as he can be made many pounds better as the campaign advances, he is likely to be a dangerous horse in the Cup races of the year. Summary:

PURSE $500, for all ages; entrance money to second horse; maidens, if three years old, allowed 3lb.; if four years old, 7lb.; if five years and upward, allowed 12lb. One mile.

D. McDaniels & Co.'s ch g Joe Daniels, by Australian, dam Dolly Carter, 4 yrs, 109lb.....Rowe 1
A. Belmont's gr h Gray Planet, by Planet, dam Eagless, 4 yrs old, 108lb.....Palmer 2
Carroll & Coar's ch h Ortolan, by Donnerelle, dam Canary Bird, 6 yrs old, 116lb.....Hafferty 3
M. H. Sanford's b g Kadi, by Lexington, dam Katona, 4 yrs old, 98lb.....Feaks 4
R. W. Walden's ch f Minnie W., by Planet, dam Edina, 3 yrs old, 87lb.....A. Robinson 5
Hunter & Traver's ch f Quits, by Eclipse, dam Columbia, 3 yrs old, 84lb.....dr

Time, 1:44½.

THE TWO-MILE-HEAT RACE,

for a purse of $1,000, for all ages, had only one entry, Hubbard, who consequently walked over for the money.

SAME DAY.—Purse $1,000, for all ages; 5 per cent. entrance to go to the second horse. Two-mile heats.

D. McDaniels & Co.'s ch c Hubbard, 4 yrs old, by Planet, dam Minnie Mansfield, 105lb.....Roe w. o.

SIXTH AND LAST DAY, SATURDAY, JUNE 21.

COUNT D'ORSAY WINS THE WEATHERBY STAKES; STOCKWOOD THE FREE HANDICAP; SANFORD THE MILE DASH; VESPUCIUS THE MILE-AND-THREE-QUARTERS; AND DUFFY THE STEEPLE CHASE.

Saturday, the 21st inst., was the sixth and last day of the Jerome Park Spring Races, and was a brilliant finale to the most successful meeting ever given by the American Jockey Club. The day was delightful for a fresh, cool breeze tempered the sun's hot rays, and made the heat endurable; the attendance was very large, it being estimated that 20,000 people were on the course and occupying the heights which line the Park, and the racing being more than usually exciting.

THE WEATHERBY STAKES,

for three-year olds exclusively, was the first race on the programme. The stake was named in compliment to Mr. James Weatherby, one of the English firm of Weatherby Brothers, publishers of the English Stud Book, and Racing Calendar, who in 1873 visited this country to examine into the conditions of the American turf, and while here was the guest of the president of the American Jockey Club. There were thirty-two entries, of which five weighed in and went to the post, making the stake worth $4,700 to the winner. These were A. Belmont's Count D'Orsay and Silk Stockings, Jas. A. Grinstead's Crockford, Hunter & Travers' Strachino, and M. A. Littells' Fellowcraft. The betting on this race was very heavy, the Kentucky turfmen being so anxious to get their money on Crockford that they made him the favorite over the field before the flag fell, some heavy commissions to back him having been sent from that State. The partisans of the stable of Hunter & Travers were also very sweet on Strachino, who was reported to have had such a high trial at home, a few days before, that they had brought him back to Jerome Park to run in this race. Strange to say, the Belmont stable, notwithstanding Count D'Orsay had run so well up with Springbok in the Belmont Stakes, was not much fancied, although he had shown the ability both to carry the weight and stay the distance, neither of which the favorite, Crockford, had done. The pools sold as under:

	$600	$200	$200	$300	$430	$900
Grinnstead's entry						
Belmont's	350	140	145	195	365	380
Hunter & Travers'	165	110	130	200	300	555
Littell's	70	41	45	85	60	110

When the flag fell, Fellowcraft was first off, with Strachino second, Count Dorsay and Crockford third and fourth, and Silk Stockings last. The mission of the latter was to make the running in order to assist his stable companion Count D'Orsay, and before reaching the bluff he ran past his horses, cutting out the running at a stroke of his opponents best, out of sight behind the hill, the first four horses were in a bunch together, Crockford being in their rear. A cloud of dust heralded their reappearance on the lower stretch, which, when somewhat cleared away, showed Fellowcraft four lengths in front of Silk Stockings, with Strachino third, Count D'Orsay next, and the favorite last. Coming up the quarter-stretch, Crockford ran past Count D'Orsay and Strachino, and was third to Fellowcraft as he led half a length under the string, the same distance separating the favorite from Silk Stockings, with Strachino, pulling double, in the rear. They ran thus through the turn, past the stables and the quarter-pole, where Crockford and Count Dorsay were running lapped behind the other three horses, their jockeys jealously watching each other as if conscious that most danger was to be apprehended from each other. Rounding the bluff, Silk Stockings drew in front, and led around the hill, and when the horses again were visible on the lower stretch, Crockford was in front, with Silk Stockings and Count O'Drsay next, Strachino fourth, and Fellowcraft, whose bolt was shot, last of all. Rounding the turn into the home-stretch, Palmer let go his pull on Count D'Orsay, and the next moment was at Crockford's haid. A fine race ensued up the stretch, the favorite having his neck in front at the lower end of the grand stand, but the moment Palmer, who rode with excellent judgment, called upon the Count, he shot forward and, stalling off cleverly a vigorous challenge by Strachino, who came with a powerful rush in the last fifty yards, he won a splendid race by a length; Strachino beating Crockford by half a length, with Silk Stockings two lengths before Fellowcraft. The consternation of the Western racing men at the collapse of the Kentucky crack was only to be equaled by that they experienced last Summer, when Longfellow went down before the mighty Harry Bassett in the memorable race for the Saratoga Cup. The time of the race was 3:11, but an experienced timer and well-known trainer declared that they ran the last mile and five furlongs of the race in 2:56, which is 2¼ seconds faster than Katie Pease ran that distance in the Ladies' Stakes, and her time was the fastest on record for that race. The winner, Count D'Orsay, is by Kentucky out of Lady Blessington by imp. Eclipse, and was bred by Mr. Belmont at his Nursery Stud Farm near Babylon, L. I. He is in color a dark chestnut, with white star and white off forefoot, and stands about 15¾ hands in height. He ran four times as a two-year-old, winning once. When at Saratoga he beat Strachino, Monrodac and Minstrel. This year he ran second to Springbok in the Belmont Stakes, and is engaged in the Jersey Derby, Travers Stakes at Saratoga, Jerome and Annual Stakes at Jerome Park Fall Meeting, and the Dixie Stakes at Baltimore. Summary:

THE WEATHERBY STAKES, for three-year-olds; $300 entrance, half forfeit, with $1,400 added; the winner of the Belmont Stakes to carry 7lb extra, of the Ladies' Stakes 5lb extra; one mile and three quarters.

A. Belmont's ch c Count D'Orsay, by Kentucky, dam Lady Blessington.....Palmer 1
Hunter & Trarer's blk c Strachino, by Parmesan, dam May Bell.....F. Gray 2
James A. Grinstead's g c Crockford, by Lightning, dam Mishap.....Hayward 3
A. Belmont's ch c Silk Stockings, by Kentucky, dam imp. Fluke.....Evans 4
M. A. Littell's ch c Fellowcraft, by Australian, dam Sister to Idlewild.....Emile 5

Time, 3:11.

THE FREE HANDICAP STAKES,

one mile and a quarter, had six runners, Brennus, The Nurse, Stockwood, Woodbine, Buckden and the Minnie Minor colt. In the pools Woodbine was made a hot favorite, selling for as much as all the rest combined, as the subjoined list will show:

	$600	$400	$370	$400
Woodbine				
Buckden	180	170	155	150
The Nurse	300	90	95	220
Stockwood	65	105	100	75
The Edgar colt	80	110	105	80

When the flag fell Stockwood jumped off in front, and cut out the running at a slinking pace, Woodbine being second, Brennus third and Buckden next. They ran thus around the club-house bluff and into the lower side, where Buckden ran past Brennus and Woodbine, and joined issue with Stockwood. A fine race home resulted in Stockwood winning by half a length, Buckden second, four lengths before Woodbine, and the others beaten off. Time, 2:12; Stockwood having run the last mile in 1:46, he having been specially timed. Summary:

SECOND RACE.—Free Handicap Sweepstakes of $25 each, if not declared out, with $500 added, the second horse to receive $125 out of the stakes; one mile and a quarter.

D. J. Bannatyne's ch c Stockwood, by Asteroid, dam Alabama, 4 years old, 100lb.....Hazard 1
Buckley & Tully's b c Buckden, by Lord Clifden, dam Consequence, 4 years old, 103lb.....W. Lakeland 2
A. Belmont's ch f Woodbine, by Consor or Kentucky, dam Fleur des Champs, 4 years old, 100lb.....Evans 3
Carroll & Coar's b f The Nurse, by Australian, dam Zone, 3 years old, 75lb.....Quinn 4
M. A. Littell's b c by Jerome Edgar, dam Minnie Minor, 3 years old, 78lb.....A. Robinson 5
R. W. Walden's c g Brennus, by Lightning, dam Brenna, 4 years old, 98lb.....C. Thomas 6

Time, 2:12.

THE MILE DASH

Had five starters—Quits, Sanford, Gerald, Liverpool and Winesap. The pools sold as under:

	$110	$270	$410	$410	$710
Quits					
Sanford	130	505	310	360	565
Gerald	55	95	70	100	155
Winesap	55	90	125	185	165
Liverpool	20	70	180	150	155

Sanford, with Quits in close attendance, made the running from the fall of the flag throughout the race, the former galloping home an easy winner by two lengths, Quits second, ten lengths before Gerald, and Winesap last. Time, 1:46¼. The winner was bought in at auction by Mr. Donahue for $620. Summary:

THIRD RACE.—Purse $400, for all ages; entrance money to the second horse; the winner, if to be sold for $1,000, to carry weight for age, if for $750 allowed 3lb, if for $500 7lb, if for $300 12lb; one mile.

J. Donahue's ch h Sanford, by Uncle Vic, dam Dolly Carter, aged, $300, 104lb.....Donahue 1
Hunter & Travers' ch f Quits, by Eclipse, dam Columbia, 3 yrs old, $800, 80lb.....Milligan 2
J. Boughrum's blk g Gerald, by Mickey Free, dam Rosette, aged, $300, 101lb.....Hankerson 3
R. W. Walden's ch c Liverpool, by Kianet, dam Novice, 3 yrs old, $300, 83lb.....A. Robinson 4
M. A. Littell's b m Winesap, by Vandyke, dam Nina, 5 yrs old, $500, 104lb.....E. Thomas 5

Time, 1:46¼.

THE MILE-AND-THREE-QUARTERS DASH

was also a selling race, and the starters were Gerald, Brennus, Conductor, Sanford, Chickabiddy, Vespucius and Bessie Lee. Chickabiddy was backed strongly in the pools, as was also Bessie Lee, but again were the calculations of the knowing ones upset by an outsider, whose name was never mentioned, and who sold in the field in the pools, which averaged as under:

	$630	$715	$430	$125	$ 85
Chickabiddy					
Bessie Lee	300	510	710	520	
Sanford	170	305	215	175	
Brennus	90	230	225	125	300 160
The Field	125	250	315	200	

When the flag fell, Chickabiddy was first to show in front, with Bessie Lee, Vespucius, Sanford and Brennus running in the order named, and Conductor whipping in the field. Going around the hill Vespucius took up the running at a slinking pace, the horses passed the grand stand and went under the string; Bessie Lee second, with Sanford at her saddle girths, and Chickabiddy fourth; Brennus and Gerald close at their quarters. Brennus took second place at the quarter pole, but as they ran around the bluff was deprived of it by Chickabiddy, who tried in vain to reach Vespucius. Coming in view again, Vespucius was leading the favorite a neck, with Bessie Lee third. Entering the homestretch, Chickabiddy challenged the leader resolutely, but failed to collar him and fell back. Bessie Lee came with a strong rush at the furlong pole, and, passing Chickabiddy, tried hard to reach Vespucius. The latter horse, however, gallantly retained his lead to the end, and won the race by a neck; Bessie Lee beating Chickabiddy by two lengths. The time was 3:11, the same as Count D'Orsay had won the Weatherby Stakes in, but it must be remembered that the latter, a three-year-old, carried 110lb, while Vespucius, an aged horse, carried 97lb less weight. After weighing in, the winner was put up at auction, and sold for $590 to Dr. Smith of Montreal, Canada; the surplus over his entered selling price, $500, being divided between the club and the owners of the second horse, Bessie Lee. Vespucius had not run for two years before, having suffered from rheumatism in his shoulders. Summary:

FOURTH RACE.—Purse $600, for all ages; entrance money to second horse; the winner, if to be sold for $1,500, to carry weight for age; if for $1,200 allowed 3lb; if for $750 7lb; if for $500 12lb; one mile and three-quarters.

D. D. Wither's ch h Vespucius, by Planet, dam Columbia, aged, $500, 104lb.....Halloway 1
Rice & McCormick's b f Bessie Lee, by Hunter's Lexington, dam Chorister, 4 yrs old, $750, 98lb.....Mahoney 2
D. Buckley's ch m Chickabiddy, by Australian, dam Kate Hayes, aged, $500, 101lb.....Harmon 3
R. W. Walden's g g Brennus, by Lightning, dam Brenna, 4 yrs, $500, 93lb.....C. Thomas 4
J. Donahue's ch h Sanford, by Uncle Vic, dam Dolly Carter, aged, $500, 104lb.....Donahue 5
W. R. Babcock's b h Conductor, by Australian, dam Nettie Viley, 6 yrs old, $500, 103lb.....W. Lakeland 6
J. Boughrum's blk g Gerald, by Mickey Free, dam Rosette, aged, $500, 101lb.....Hankerson 7

Time, 3:11.

THE STEEPLE-CHASE

handicap was the fifth and final race of the day and meeting. The starters were J. Donahue's George West, D. J. Bannatyne's Duffy, J. R. Coffin's Lochiel, Jetu Walden's Victor Hugo, J. K. Lawrence's Village Blacksmith and J. Boughrum's Sorrel Dan. The betting was as under:

	$350	$300	$520
Duffy			
Lochiel	305	350	420
Village Blacksmith	265	335	405
George West	150	355	405
Sorrel Dan, Victor, } Field	105	120	200

In taking their preliminary canters Sorrel Dan, overpowering his rider, ran away, jumping two hurdles before he could be stopped. He was brought back, and again ran away; but instead of jumping the hurdle in front of him, as before, he fell, threw his rider, J. Clark, and fell on him, the horse kicking him on the forehead as he rose. The jockey was taken up insensible, but, fortunately, was found to have received no fatal injury. Sorrel Dan was drawn, and the other horses started. Lochiel took the lead, closely attended by Duffy, with George West third and Victor Hugo last. Lochiel and Duffy raced together at a rattling pace, jumping all the fences and walls close together till the water jump in front of the grand stand was reached. This Lochiel cleared in fine style, as did Duffy, a length behind, and also Victor and George West, but Village Blacksmith obstinately refused to take it, and was the last taken off the course. Lochiel and Duffy lapped raced up the hill to the picnic grounds, where the former, after clearing the stone wall, bolted to the stables, thus giving Duffy a long lead. Victor Hugo had in the meantime thrown his rider at the ditch and rails opposite the stables, and George West was now second, fully twenty hundred and fifty yards behind Duffy. The interest in the race was now over, for Duffy finished by himself; George West a hundred yards behind, and Lochiel third, two minutes behind the victor. Time, 6:41. Summary:

FIFTH RACE.—Handicap steeple-chase; purse, $800; the second horse to receive $200; distance three or more to start, belonging to different owners; about two miles and a half.

D. J. Banatyne's br g Duffy, aged, by Hunter's Lexington, dam Ollo, 156lb.....Murphy 1
Joseph Donohue's ch c George West, 4 yrs old, by Asteroid, dam.....Hazard 2
J. R. Coffin's b h Lochiel, 5 yrs old, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Bonnet, 154lb.....Midgley 3
Jetu Walden's b h Victor Hugo, 4 yrs old, by Uncle Vic, dam by Scythian, 130lb.....Metcalf 0
J. K. Lawrence's ch h Village Blacksmith, aged, by Vandal, dam Cholera, 152lb.....Sutcliff 0
John Boughrum's ch g Sorrel Dan, aged, by Revenue, dam unknown, 145lb.....J. Clark 0

Time, 6:41.

SPORT AT PITTSBURGH.

Last week the second annual meeting of the Pittsburgh, Pa., Driving Park Association was held at their track, McKee's Rocks, a few miles below the city, and was in every way successful, the weather being excellent, the attendance large and the sport most satisfactory. We can only give summaries of the races:

PITTSBURGH (Pa) DRIVING PARK, June 17, 1873.—Purse, $1,250, for horses that never trotted better than 3:00; mile heats, three in five, in harness.

J. W. Clark's b m East End	1	1	1
W. H. Crawford's s m Nettie	2	2	4
R. Patterson's b g Toledo Boy	3	3	2
Owner's b m Addie	5	4	3
Tipton Bros.'s b m Belle Brasfield	4	5	5
Owner's b g Perry	dis		

Time, 2:41; 2:40; 2:40¾.

SECOND DAY, June 18.—Purse, $1,500, for horses that never trotted better than 2:27; mile heats, three in five, in harness.

R. Patterson's blk m Gentle Annie	4	3	4
J. W. Conner's b m Kate Campbell	1	2	2
John Crooker's b g Ohio Boy	2	1	3
John E. Turner's b m Nettie	3	4	1

Time, 2:32; 2:35¼; 2:32; 2:35; 2:36¾.

THIRD DAY, June 19.—Purse, $1,250, for horses that never trotted better than 2:40; mile heats, three in five, in harness.

J. L. Beitler's g g White Hawk	3	2	1
H. B. Miller's b g King William	1	1	2
J. R. Wiley's b m Lucretia Borgia	4	4	3
D. H. Hughes' b m Mary Taylor	2	3	4
Major Munroe's g g Hot Punch	5	5	5

Time, 2:35; 2:35; 2:38¾; 2:40; 2:44; 2:45¾.

SAME DAY.—Pacing; purse $500; mile heats, three in five, in harness.

W. H. Crawford's b g Harry	1	1	1
H. B.

LISTENING TO THE WAVES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY "DOBBS."

I am listening, ever listening, to the waves upon the shore,
That speak in rippling whispers, or raise in sullen roar,
That speak of joy and sunshine, or thunder in their wrath,
Of life in tropic seas and isles, of death, despair and doom.
Their white-capped summits set me to engage with them in play,
Or else in angry murmurs drive my timid heart away.
Yet ceaseless, ever rolling, never quiet nor at rest,
While hopes and fears, with hopes and fears, upon their crests!

What stories are they whispering as they gently glide
Rolling onward to the beach, 'mid the wild and dashing spray?
Are they going, commerce-laden, 'cross the wide and trackless sea?
Are they bearing holy men to make the souls of heathens free?
Or do they go to meet the tempest, clapping hands with storm and wind,
Aiding Boreas in a revel (in fancy) of mirth but death be-hind?
Is their mission one of peace to all who ocean's space would span,
Or have they entered in a compact 'gainst the handiwork of man?

See that wreck so madly driven by the unrelenting sea—
She was once a noble vessel sailing homeward brave and free,
Bearing west the merchant's venture from a distant foreign shore,
Bearing hearts that beat with gladness that their work would soon be o'er.
Rudderless, dismasted wholly, what is she but an empty boast,
As the mounting waves so surely drive her on that rock-bound coast?
There amid the foaming breakers, none to succor, none to save,
The waves have found a victim and brave hearts have found a grave.

But the waves are rolling home again. List to the tales they tell:
How they mounted with the tempest, mingled with the ocean's swell,
How upon that noble vessel with restiless force they bore,
Till the shriek of death and horror mingled with their roar;
They are speaking now in murmurs—rippling music 'tis to me—
As if they were afraid to tell the secrets of the sea.
The friends and enemies of man, his masters and his slaves,
Treacherous and deceitful roll the ever-changing waves.

THE BARONI FAMILY, OR THE MUSICAL ACROBATS.

BY HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

CHAPTER I.

"I had no idea that you had a garrison here," said Sidonia, as the distant sounds of martial music were wafted down a long, ancient street, that seemed narrower than it was from the great elevation of its fantastically-shaped houses, into the principal square in which was situated the Auberge de St. Nicholas, one of the least frequented of Flanders; and Sidonia, who was then a youth, scarcely of twenty summers, was on his rambling way to Frankfort, where he then resided.

"It is not the soldiers," said the Flemish maiden in attendance, and who was dressed in one of those pretty black-silk jackets that seem to blend so well with the sombre yet picturesque dwellings of the Spanish Netherlands. "It is not the soldiers, sir; it is only the Baroni family."

"And who are the Baroni family?"

"They are Italians, sir, and have been here this week past, giving some representations."

"Of what kind?"

"I hardly know, sir, only I have heard that they are very beautiful. There is tumbling, I know for certain; and there was the Plagues of Egypt; but I believe it changes every night."

"And you have not yet seen them?"

"Oh no, sir; it is not for such as me; the second places are half a franc."

"And what is your name?" said Sidonia.

"Therese; at your service, sir."

"You shall go and see the Baroni family to-night, Therese, if your mistress will let you."

"Ask her, sir, as she would if you would ask her, sir," said Therese, looking down and coloring with delight. The little jacket seemed very agitated.

"Here they come!" said Sidonia, looking out of the window on the great square.

A man, extremely good-looking and well made, in the uniform of a marshal of France, his cocked hat fringed and plumed, and the color of his coat almost concealed by its embroidery, played a clarinet like a master; four youths of a tender age, remarkable both for their beauty and their grace, dressed in very handsome scarlet uniforms, and with drums, also performed upon French horns and similar instruments with great energy and apparent delight; behind them an honest Blouse, hired for the occasion, beat the double drum.

"Two of them are girls," said Therese; "and they are all the same family, except the drummer, who belongs, I hear, to Ypres. Sometimes there are six of them, two little ones, who, I suppose, are left at home to-day; they look quite like little angels; the boy plays the triangle, and the other two tambourine."

"They are great artists," murmured Sidonia to himself, as he listened to their performances of one of Donizetti's finest compositions. The father stood in the centre of the great square, the other musicians formed a circle round him; they continued their performance for about ten minutes to a considerable audience, many of whom had followed them, while the crest had collected at their windows, or yielded to the inclination in the curious multitude to press around the young performers, who would have been in a great degree hidden from general view by this discourteous movement, and even the sound of their instruments in some measure impeded, had not Sidonia marked with interest the calm and commanding manner with which, under these circumstances, the father controlled the people. They yielded in an instant to his will; one tall blacksmith seemed scarcely to refuse a command, and with folded arms doggedly stood rooted to the ground; but Baroni, placing only one hand on the curmudgeon's brawny shoulder, while he still continued playing on his instrument with the other, whirled him away like a puppet. The multitude laughed, and the discomforted blacksmith slunk away.

When the air was finished, Baroni took off his grand hat, and in a loud voice addressed the assembled people, informing them that this evening, the largest room of the Auberge de St. Nicholas there would be a variety of entertainments, consisting of masterpieces of strength and agility, dramatic recitations, dancing and singing, to conclude with the mystery of the Crucifixion of our blessed Lord and Saviour; in which all the actors in these memorable events, and others of the blessed Virgin, the blessed St. Mary Magdalene, the Apostles, Pontius Pilate, the High Priest of the Jews, and many others would appear, all to be represented by one family.

The speaker having covered himself, the band again formed itself, and passed the whole of the hotel, followed by a stream of idle amateurs, animated by the martial strain, and attracted by the pleasure of hearing another fine performance at the next quarter of the town, where the Baroni family might ask to announce the impending amusements of the evening.

The moon was beginning to glitter, when Sidonia threw his cloak around him, and asked the way to the Auberge of St. Nicholas. It was a large, ungainly, whitewashed house, at the extremity of a suburb where the straggling street nearly ceased, and emptied itself into what in England would have been called a green. The many windows flared with lights, the doorway was filled with men smoking, and looking full of importance, as if instead of being the usual loungers of the tavern, they were about to perform a principal part in the exhibition; they made way with respectful and encouraging ceremony to anyone who entered to form part of the audience, and rated with sharp words, and sometimes a ready cuff, the crowds of little boys who besieged the door, implored everyone who entered to give them tickets to see the Crucifixion. "It's the last piece," they perpetually exclaimed, "and we may come in for five sous a-head."

Sidonia mounted the staircase, and, being a suitor for a ticket for the principal seats, was received with a most gracious smile by a pretty woman, fair-faced and arch, with a piquant nose and a laughing blue eye, who sat at the door of the room. It was a long and rather narrow apartment at the end, a stage of rough planks, before a kind of curtain, the whole rudely but not niggardly lighted. Unfortunately for the Baroni family, Sidonia found himself the only first-class spectator. There was a tolerable sprinkling of those who paid a franc for their amusement, but these were separated from the front row, which Sidonia alone was to occupy; in the extreme distance was a large space not fitted up with benches, where the miscellaneous multitude, who could summon up five sous apiece later in the evening, so see the Crucifixion, were to be stowed.

"It hardly pays the lights," said the pretty woman at the door. "We have not had good fortune in this own. It seems hard, when there is so much for the money, and the children take such pains in going he rounds in the morning."

"And you are Madame Baroni?" said Sidonia.

"Yes; I am the mother," she replied.

"I should have thought you had been their sister," said Sidonia.

"My eldest son is fifteen! I often wish that he was any thing else but what he is, but we do not like to separate. We are all one family, sir, and that makes us bear many things."

"Well, I think I know a way to increase your audience," said Sidonia.

"Indeed! I am sure it is very kind of you to say so much; we have not met with a gentleman like you the whole time we have been here."

Sidonia descended the stairs; the smoking amateurs made way for him with great parade, and pushed back with equal unkindness the young and wistful throng who still hovered around the portal.

"Can you see the gentleman wants to go by? Get back, you boys!"

Sidonia halted in the doorway, and, taking advantage of a momentary pause said, "All the little boys are to come in free."

What a shout!

The performances commenced by the whole of the Baroni family appearing in a row, and bowing to the audience. The father was now dressed in a Greek costume, which exhibited to perfection his compact frame; he looked like the captain of a band of pirati; on his left appeared the mother, who, having thrown off her cloak, seemed a sylph or a sultana, for her bonnet had been succeeded by a turban. The three girls were on her left hand, and on the right of her husband were their two brothers. The eldest son, Francis, resembled his father, or rather was what his father must have been in all the freshness of boyhood; the same form of blended strength and symmetry; the same dark eye, the same determined air and regular features, which in time would become strongly marked. The second boy, Alfred, about seven, was delicate, fair and fragile, like his mother; his sweet countenance, full of tenderness, changed before the audience with a rapid emotion. The youngest son, Michel, was an infant of four years, and with his large blue eyes and long, golden hair might have figured as one of the seraphs of Murillo.

There was analogy in the respective physical appearances of the brothers and the sisters. The eldest girl, Josephine, though she had only counted twelve summers, was in stature, and almost in form, a woman. She was strikingly handsome, very slender, and dark as night. Adelaide, in color, in look, in the grace of every gesture, and in the gushing tenderness of her wild, yet shrinking glance, seemed the twin of Alfred. The little Carlotta, more than two years older than Michel, was the miniature of her mother, and had a piquant, coquettish air, mixed with an expression of repose in one so young quite droll, like a little opera-dancer. The father clapped his hands, and all, except himself, turned round, bowed to the audience, and retired, leaving Baroni and his two elder children. Then commenced a variety of feats of strength. Baroni stretched forth his right arm, and Josephine, with a bound, instantly sprang upon his shoulder; while she thus [illegible] Baroni shook his head. "I can afford no rest except my own."

"And where is that?"

"On four wheels, on the green here. We are vagabonds, said, I suppose, must always be so; but, being one family, we can bear it. Twice the children to have a good supper to-night in honor of your kindness. I have a good deal to do. I must put these things in order." As he spoke he was working. "There is the grandmother who lives with us; all this time she is alone, guarded, however, by the dog. I should like them to have meat to-night, if I can get it. Their mother cooks the supper. Then I have got to hear them say their prayers. All this takes time, particularly as we have to rise early and do many things before we make our first course through the city."

"I will come and see you to-morrow," said Sidonia, "after your first progress."

"An hour after noon, if you please," said Baroni. "It is pleasant for me to become acquainted with a fellow-artist, and one so liberal as yourself."

"Your name is Baroni," said Sidonia, looking at him earnestly.

"My name is Baroni."

"An Italian name."

"Yes; I come from Genio."

"Well, we shall meet to-morrow. Good-night, Baroni. I am going to send you some wine for your supper, and take care the grandmamma drinks my health."

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

A COLLIER'S PLAYDAY IN LANCASHIRE.

Inquiries on a dry and somewhat heating subject pursued in the neighborhood of Ince led our representative on a Monday afternoon, about a fortnight ago, into one of the many beerhouses which the village contains, and there, along with a modest refreshment of the inner man, he obtained the information, added gratis, that a big "wrastle" was to take place that afternoon between a Wigan man and a rival from Spring Green for £20 a side. A mild expression of interest in a local event of so much importance was met with an almost fierce offer to back the Wigan champion for any distance; and that the four children were now standing in attitude upon the same basis, which four stout men endeavored, with difficulty, to keep firm. At that moment Mrs. Baroni, with the two young children, came from behind the curtain, and took the intelligence. She trusted that the Wigan man might be worsted, and this on the basely selfish ground that, as his own colliers would certainly stake their money upon the local favorite and lose their bets, they would the sooner return to their work in the mine; but if their pockets were well lined from Spring Green, their return to work would be proportionately delayed, and so many more pounds would be lost to himself. The entrance to the recreation ground was thronged, and lads were pouring in rapidly on payment of a sixpence per head. It turned out, however, that the wrestling, which had been announced as the *pièce de resistance* of the afternoon's entertainment, was not the first article on the programme. In a far part of the field another exhibition was about to commence. The roof of a tumble-down shanty, known as "the grand stand," overlooking a dusty road, was crowded with youths (each nursing under his arm a faithful dog, swaddled in cosy housings) who had paid a small extra admission to this point of vantage. Within the stand a rough-and-ready refreshment stall, whereat spirits were sold in appreciative "nips," was doing a brisk business. The noble sportsmen ensconced on the roof of the stand, as well as the plebeian crowd below, were eagerly arguing such points as the respective merits of the two jumpers who were about to test their powers against each other for £10 a side. By-and-bye one of the competitors, familiarly known as "Adam," who appeared to be the favorite, strode out from a small dressing-room nominally appropriated from the refreshment bar by a strip of paling. He appeared conspicuous among the admirers who surrounded him by the oddity of his costume, which was confined to a woollen shirt at least as short as that which gave her name to Tam O'Shanter's mare, and a pair of clogs! Here was the ludicrous story of the King of Ashantee, whose court dress was a cocked hat and a walking-stick, reproduced before our eyes in Christian England—at least at Wigan. The apparition was startling enough to modest youth, but the "pro," as he is called, and our more critical eyes are entertained with a study of the nude. The shirt is doffed, and, saving the clogs aforesaid and the slightest possible cincture round the hips, the shivering miner stood before his rapt admirers in purest nudity—everything, indeed, but his skin was a trifle dirty. By-and-bye the rival jumper, a young and shorter man, strutted forth, and the two champions marched up and down in front of the refreshment booth, the Hebes there attendant (pinioned by the arms of their critical and appreciative admirers of this free and open display of the human form divine. It is no part of our intention to describe the animated contest which ensued. Betting was very free, chiefly for small sums, and in this part of the sport the younger lads were particularly conspicuous. The interest manifested in the match was at times so irrepressible that a clear jumping space could with difficulty be maintained, and the managers of the ground could only maintain order by occasional threats to interrupt the match. These threats continued to disturb these disturbances, and was maintained even after the match was closed. When the result was ascertained and declared, pigeons were liberated by many of the onlookers, and went whirling off to distant villages, bearing information as to the winner.

When the jumping match was concluded the field was cleared out, and then we became aware that to be witnesses of the wrestling we must pay an extra sixpence. Sixpences were paid, three professional bettors had stands erected on the confines of the crowd, and did a briak trade. The athletes stripped in full view of the sightseers. The match resulted again in favor of the Wigan favorite in the first two falls, and the Spring Green champion, though while it lasted, was soon over. Attention was once or twice distracted from it by the quarrels of drunken men on the outskirts of the crowd. The day's amusement was finally closed by a tragedy which was recorded in the newspapers of the Wednesday following:

"FATAL TERMINATION OF A WRESTLING MATCH.—At the conclusion of a prize wrestling match at Ince Recreation Grounds, near Wigan, on Monday, two men, natives of Ince, were forced by their companions to wrestle for drinking. A considerable amount were posted, and the men, who were in a state of semi-drunkenness at the time, on meeting, indulged in some unprofessional play, and at length all laws relating to the sport were entirely disregarded, when the unfortunate man was thrown by one of the wrestlers, named Henry Crowthers, receiving a fall which broke his neck, and ended his existence at ten o'clock yesterday morning. The coroner's jury found from the evidence that the wrestling was not premeditated, but arose within the heat of the game, but censured the friends of the parties for allowing a drunken man to engage in such a contest. This unhappy accident has attracted attention to the Ince Recreation Grounds, and a movement is on foot to have their continued existence is being vigorously prosecuted by the police of Ince parish. A fear that the sporting miner might again find his way to Newton Heath in the event of their disestablishment is the only motive which could induce us to offer a syllable against the worthy clergyman's laudable endeavor."—*Manchester* (Eng.) *Examiner*.

THE ACTOR'S FAME.

Most people would like to live in the future, but it was the desire of Hazlitt that he might live over again that portion of the past upon which the names of the great artists of tragedy and comedy had been inscribed. Of the latter, the Jordans, the Nisbetts, and Mrs. Siddons, the last that he saw. We can imagine no nobler company, most of whom won honorable graves in Westminster Abbey side by side with the authors whose lines they interpreted, with the kings and warriors of whom they were the players. We know so little about them, and so much less regarding the manner of their art, for they alone of artists could leave no copy behind. They come down to us now only as so many names, laden with an anecdote or so. Yet, after all, we are not certain that the actor's fame is not the most enduring. It comes to him quick upon his earning of it, and not, like the author's or painter's, after he is dead. The actor leaps to his reward in a single night; he may have to wait, toil and hunger for that night's success together, but the moment of triumph are supreme ones. When Charles Macklin walked off the stage, after playing Shylock for the first time, he exclaimed in the fullness of his success: "I am not worth fifty pounds in the world; nevertheless on this night am I Charles the Great." When Kean came home to his wife after his debut as Sir Giles, she asked him how that dreaded critic, Lord Essex, had liked his performance. His jubilant reply, "D—n Lord Essex—the pit rose at me," is suggestive still of his great victory; "what man have I been to-night, a yet finer than Hogarth was when the "pit rose at" him to drive him from the stage, not because he did not play well, but because he loved his neighbor's wife better than his own. For one instant he savagely confronted his audience, then flung at it, in its entire discomfiture, a speech from the part of Richard that he was playing: "Unmannered dogs! stand ye when I command."

Among the men of the dramatic period to which we have referred there was Betterton, on seeing whose Hamlet old Pepys exclaimed, to the annoyance of his neighbors, "'Fore God! it is the best acted part I ever saw." Macklin, whom Pope declared to be the "very Jew whom Shakespeare drew," and who walked upon the stage with good Miss Pope as Portia, to play Shylock, after his one hundredth year, and thereafter played it no more forever. A few days later he was standing at the grave of an oldtime comrade of the theatre; he stood so wrapped that a friend touched his arm to arouse him. "Do not disturb me, sir," he said; "I am at my rehearsal." Only a few days more and his mourning associates were at his grave. There were also Booth, Sanford, Wilks, Nokes, Leigh, Penkethman, Bullock, Estcourt, Dogget, who played the Jew as a low-comedy part; Cibber, the prince of concombs and the first reformer of the stage; Quin, Rich, Weston, Shuter, Dowton and Garrick. Among the women were good Mrs. Betterton; Mrs. Barry, scarcely so good, for her morals were low; Mrs. Bracegirdle, who left the theatre because she was dutifully acted better than she did, and who presented to her conqueror all her stage jewels and dresses, so great a woman was she in her defeat; Mrs. Cibber, whose husband, Theophilus Cibber, sold her for a thousand pounds; Mrs. Pritchard, who Dr. Johnson said always spoke of her "gown d;" beautiful Mrs. Abington, Anne Bellamy, Peg Woffington, who kept Garrick, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Kelly, and the greatest of all, Sarah Siddons.—*Gossip About Actors.*

INDIAN CUNNING.—Old Locha of Cowichan, hearing that a party of Stekins were on their way to attack his village, took a strong party of his men and hunted them in the woods about a mile from it, leaving his little son wrapped up in a blanket in a canoe drawn up on the beach, in convenient proximity to the ambush. Suspecting nothing, the Stekins sailed up Cowichan Bay until they spied what they took for an Indian girl, left in the canoe while her mother was gathering roots and berries in the woods. They immediately paddled to shore, anxious to secure this easily-acquired slave. The little boy had, however, received his directions. Waiting until they were close at hand, he uttered frights he ran into the woods. Every one of the Stekins was anxious to catch him, and accordingly, hastily leaving their canoes on the beach, they pursued him into the woods, but the boy was too swift-footed for them. Returning to the beach, they were horrified to find themselves, unarmed and defenceless, surrounded by Locha and his warriors; and it is said that all of them were either killed or taken prisoners.—*Cassell's Races of Mankind.*

NEW PLAYS AT THE LONDON, ENG. THEATRES.

"FRIENDSHIP, OR GOLDING'S DEBT."

A drama bearing this title, written by Mr. Robert Reece, was produced at the opening of the Royal Alexandra Theatre, London, Eng., May 31. *The Sunday Times* thus speaks of it:

"Mr. Reece is best known as a purveyor of burlesque, some of his later compositions in this line having enjoyed a popularity absolutely marvelous. The result of his first venture into melodrama shows that he may yet do much in a line previously untried. There is some novelty both of idea and treatment in his play, and some of the questions it rouses, both psychological and physiological, have great interest. John Golding has been for years a trusted cashier in the office of Thomas Hurst, merchant and bill-broker of Lewes. The circumstances that have driven him to this situation are singular, seeing that he is the heir to a large estate. He is a married man, and it is due to the respect accorded him by his employer that he has been allowed to bring his wife's brother, William Fairleigh, into the office, and maintain him there in spite of his follies and irregularities. Not ungrateful is the young man, as circumstances will show, for the protection accorded him. An explosion is at hand. Ere describing this it is as well to premise two things. In the office with Golding and Fairleigh is one Isaac Sprott, a mishapen fellow, whose form is the index to his nature. He has been rejected by Mrs. Golding, and has in consequence sworn implacable hostility against her husband and her brother. The second fact is, that the hand-writings of Golding and of Fairleigh are so much alike, one cannot be told from the other. The resemblance has been useful so far, only that Golding has, without detection, made up for the idleness of his brother-in-law by keeping his books. Suddenly Mr. Hurst discovers a falsification of £500 in his accounts. It is in the books of Fairleigh, but the reader is in no doubt that Golding is the real criminal. Seeing the grief of his beloved sister and that of Golding, who had so often stood his friend, and finding himself, moreover, suspected of the crime, Fairleigh arrives at the decision to sacrifice himself. He takes on himself the burden of the crime. Golding's denial and general bearing are attributed to his anxiety to defend a beloved brother. Ultimately he is pardoned on the condition that Golding makes restitution, and that Farleigh quits his own name and goes abroad. Ere the sacrifice is accomplished, the heart of Golding relents. The guilty man writes a complete confession of the deed, and goes to put it into the hands of Farleigh. He is ultimately persuaded to withdraw it, but in his agitation loses it, when it is found by Sprott. This worthy, determined at once to turn it to account, follows Golding to the top of the cliff at Beachy Head, while he watches the departing vessel of Fairleigh. The place is ill-chosen for the statement he has to make, since Golding, realizing at once the danger of the position and the nature of the hold his enemy has obtained, takes an opportunity, when he is near the verge, of flinging him over. For a while it goes well with the murderer. He inherits the fortune which was to fall to him, and changes his name to that of the former owner. The two men who alone in the world know of his deeds are far away, one across the sea and the other out of the world. But he is not happy, however. His money has made him selfish and mistrustful, and the only feeling he has to the lad who has so nobly borne the burden of his crime is hatred. His health fails him; he grows nervous and distracted, and finds, in short, but a lovely possession the wealth to which he clings. Some terrible cause for uneasiness presently arises. Fairleigh returns and his reappearance is followed by that of Sprott. Both men are in the mind in which they were last seen. Sprott still pur ues Golding with fierce hatred. The fall, which Sprott failed to hold him, has injured his head that he is subject to loss of memory, and when he grows most eloquent over his wrongs is in most danger of becoming incoherent. Fairleigh is resolved on self-sacrifice, though deeply grieved at the cruelty of his brother-in-law. In time, however, death brings a solution of the difficulty. Worn out with anxiety and fear Golding succumbs. Ere he dies, however, he tells the truth, acquitting Fairleigh of all blame and thus securing his happiness with the girl to whom he was betrothed. Sprott, defeated in his malicious schemes, is carried off to an asylum hopelessly insane, and Golding in the end, after a death long in proportion to his crimes, and a certainty of forgiveness more extraordinary than edifying, dies with visions of angels awaiting him and gladdening his eye. In this there is some real power. The revulsion of feeling of Golding from the man who had such claims upon him is philosophical, and the return of the man Sprott, whose eagerness to tell his story defeated constantly his own ends, has grim power."

"FOR DEAR LIFE,"

a drama by Mr. Muskerry, was produced at the Victoria June 2, and was very well received. The plot is sketched as follows: The opening scene is at Cloverley Homestead, the abode of Farmer Mayhew, the father of his daughter Agnes. Her cousin, Jonas Dyke, who combines the functions of village bellringer and amanuensis to Mr. Ellardine, the local magistrate of the neighborhood, is a suitor for her hand. Jonas is repulsed by her father, to whom he is indebted for various sums, for which the farmer holds his note of hand, due on the following day, and the repayment of which Mayberry has resolved to insist upon, owing to the disreputable life Jonas is secretly leading. After Jonas has taken his departure, Manuel, a mountebank, visits the house to restore one of Mayberry's stray animals. He receives an invitation to share the evening meal, in the course of which he cuts his knife to get at food. In the course of conversation the farmer discovers that himself and the mountebank have borne arms together, having ridden down the valley of death with the bold Six Hundred. On cements their friendship, and Mayberry learning from Manuel that the day Manuel intends to have his two children christened, forces his tobacco-box containing two pieces of gold upon him; to this present Agnes adds the sum of sixpence, which she sends to Natalie, the mountebank's wife. Later in the evening Dyke effects an entrance into the farm-house. Jonas burglariously enters the farm to gain possession of the notes of hand, when he is surprised by Mayberry, which he, in the struggle which ensues, stabs Dyke with a knife which the mountebank had left behind him. The noise of the struggle brings Agnes to the spot in time to identify the assassin, and, to shield himself from her evidence, he kills her also. The next act commences with a village green, on which are gathered caravans, with all the concomitant fun of the fair. Manuel is accused of the murders by Jonas Dyke, who volunteers his testimony and identifies the presents found in the possession of the accused, which, coupled with the evidence of Natalie, who, in ownership of the knife, causes his committal for trial at the ensuing assizes. At the trial Mr. Ellardine, who is summoned to the grand jury, is recognized by old Deborah, Manuel's mother, as the lover who in her youth had won from her the fents of her people and then abandoned her. To him she therefore appeals to save her son's life, and reveals to him that the man whose fate he is about to decide is also his son. Ellardine promises to do his best in the matter, but the result is that Manuel is convicted of the crime charged against him. Through the aid of Ellardine, is enabled to scale the walls, and by means of a rope effects his escape. In the final portion of the drama Manuel is in the churchyard. Here he is discovered by Natalie, who informs him that she has found out the real perpetrator of the remains of his mother, who had died broken-hearted. Manuel's pursuers are on his track, but he finds a shelter in the belfry of the church, where he encounters Jonas Dyke, half maddened by drink. Manuel forces him to confess the murder of Agnes, and, in an encounter to secure the possession of the proofs which ensues hurls Dyke from the summit of the tower. He is recaptured by his pursuers, who are about to drag him back to undergo the last penalty of the law, when he is exonerated by the full confession of Dyke, who has been discovered dying of injuries received in his fall.

"BENEATH THE SURFACE"

is the name of a drama from the pen of Mr. Murdoch which was presented at the Queen's June 2. It deals with the misfortunes of the Freemantle family, who have been deprived of their rights through the cupidity of a lawyer named Cole and the brother of the father of the family. By some means best known to the former the will of the head of the family has died without making a will, and Charles, the uncle, steps into nearly all the property and has his nephew sent abroad. Frederick returns and is treated as an impostor, but as his threats are likely to be fulfilled Cole and Charles, in concert with Gernon, a villain of Cole, anxious to provide for his family, overreaches himself and gets killed by his employer. This murder is witnessed by Gernon (a diver), Frederick and Colledge. As is to be expected, Frederick is accused of the crime, but through the aid of some friends he escapes, and recovers some papers from the rascal in cadger's kitchen. In the last scene (a novel piece of transparency and "building up") Charles had intended to reach a foreign shore, but the ship gets wrecked at Milford Haven. In it is a certain box containing the will of the brother, the villain's wealth, and papers which will prove him to be a forger and murderer. Gernon the diver is employed to find it, and he is seen groping about amongst the wreck. The treasure is recovered and brought to the surface, but ere Gernon can get into the boat he is pushed headlong into the water by the man he has so well served. Assistance is, however, at hand, for Frederick and his friend arrive in a boat, get possession of the box, and the villain, finding all hopes of success lost, throws himself into the water. Colleges, passing, dives a desperate header, brings him to the surface (as he says) to be hanged, while Gernon is seen recovering by the diving instrument being worked by Frederick. The piece is in four acts; at the end of each is a scene of a telling character.

"FIRM AS OAK, OR ENGLAND'S PRIDE."

A sensational melodrama, entitled as above, was produced at the Britannia June 3. It is written by Geo. Peel, and is as follows: Sir Guy Ellerdine, Baronet of Morton, who has a trusty right-hand man named Tom True Blue, becomes the victim of any number of villainous schemes concocted by M. Francis Lavelle, whose moving passion is jealousy, and who, to consummate his ends, stands at nothing, knows no scruples, and throughout proves himself an arrant knave. The lieutenant and Lavelle are both madly in love with a beautiful damsel, one Clara Howard, the first-named being the favored suitor. Lavelle in one scene lures his rival to a desert island, where he treacherously shoots him, and leaves him for dead, his crime, however, being witnessed by a fierce-looking sort of Robinson Crusoe, a cast-away captain of a mutinous pirate gang, who turns out, by one of those mysterious chains of circumstances which sensation dramatists and novelists alone know how to forge, to be the would-be murderer's father. That father in the end falls by his son's hand, and Lavelle himself, caught in another act of treachery, meets his death at the hand of the trusty Tom True Blue, who has rescued the lieutenant from the island in one of the most exciting sensational scenes recently placed on the stage. The sea is rapidly rising over the island, and death seems inevitable, when Tom, seizing the pirate's axe, levels a huge tree, and upon this, as the ship in the distance tosses amid the raging billows, he and his young master, who lies senseless, float away in safety.

WHILE THIERS was President of the French Assembly, it is said that he generally received seven hundred letters a day. The usual proportion of the different classes was: Applications for assistance, 250; petitions having a political object, 180; others against some prejudice suffered, 100; complaints against functionaries, 100; abuse, 80; menaces of death, 20. They do not seem to have hurt him any, and he could doubtless be threatened with death forty times a day, and be as alive as ever at the end of the year.

THE MAN most likely to make his mark in the world—one who cannot write his own name.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

BURNT-CORK OPERA—"FAUSTUM."

SCENE.—*The Mall in Central Park—Orpheus's Band Playin' Tunes—Promenaders, etc.*

OPENING CHORUS.

Swing along and take a buzy,
While de orchestrum's in tune;
Let us to de gay Casino,
"Plate ob cream wid extra spoon!"
Yah, boys, yah! Look way dem dar!
Dinah wid her pannlers makes de darkies star'.
Swing, along, etc.

Enter FAUSTUM, *gid loosy, wearing goudy and fantasmagoric.*

AIR—FAUSTUM.

Scrape away, fiddlers, bang upon de drum,
Blow de big bassoon, boys, Ouffee's on de bum;
I's down upon my luck, dem good-bye to saw and buck,
I'll into de ribber myself head foremost chuck.
(*Spoken.*) Dere she goes—de gal dat I was so sweet on; lookin' round for some oder chap to treat her to ice-cream and strawberries. Eben de ole banjo won't come to time; aint a note in it, no more than dere am in my pookit.

Enter MARG'RET, *with her parasol, steteron.*

FAUST.—Am dat you, Marg'rum? (*Aside.*)—O, de bloom upon de ripe tomatus am nowhere 'longside de carmine on her lip, and de ivvry ob her teeth her mouf seems stuffed with openin' cotton bolls. Margarit!

MAR.—Dat you, Cuff? You missable brested nigga! What for you hangin' round here?

AIR—MARG'RET.

I know'd a buckish nigga,
Of stainless white soap,
Wid such a gallus figger,
But he went it rader steep,
Till one balmy Summer morning
He gabe my lub de slip,
And now he's left upon de town
For givin' too much lip. [*Dances.*]

AIR—FAUSTUM.

"*Rose Lead ob Polsun.*"

When dis darky had no money
To spend on de fair,
He was reckoned de cock ob de roost;
But when he was busted and had none to spare,
De gals dey all gabe him a boost.
I'm out an' injured, but my heart's still true;
Don't you look so blue, don't you look so blue,
I'm out an' injured, etc.

MAR.—Well, Cuff, de game's played; but know dat I'm high up enough yet to be good company, yet go 'plenish your purse and my heart is ebber wid you.

BOTH.—Cheer up, honey, don't you look so blue,
Keep your heart up, de fortune will bring you troo.

FAUST (*solus*).—She's gone. Now, darky, you's but one mo' card to play.

RECITATIVE—FAUSTUM.

Come from de pit where sinners dey am roastin',
And let some oder darky turn de spit fo' you.
I has a little job to claim your 'tention.

FUSTOPHILUS *arises—red fire and music.*

FUS.—What's wantin'? I am here!

FAUST (*sings*).—

I's a great mind to sell myself to de debbil,
Dat in pleasure I may rebbil.
FUS.—Sell yourself to de debbil, you rebbel,
Go it while you'm able;
Some was born in de mud to flounder,
Some to be boss ob de steamboat;
If wid gold you would astound her,
Wear my colors sable.

(*Spoken.*) Now, wha's dat I do for you? Speak quick, time's short. It's nearly time for me to hold my court.

FAUST.—I want a chance to fascinate de gals,
To go to plays and operas and balls,
To cut a swell in de Mall in de Park,
And make all oder sports wid envy sick.

FUS.—Dat's easy fixed; just sign dis little paper,
And you may cut up any kind of caper.
[*Produces paper.*]

Wid your own blood de writing must be made.

FAUST.—Gib me de quill. More despirt games I've played,
And if tings eber should come to de worst,
I dare say dat I shall not be de first.
[*Opens a vein and signs.*]

FUS.—Adieu! Whenever mischief's brooding, call on me,
And this here sable form you'll straightway see.
[*Vanishes. Re-enter* MARG'RET.

AIR—MARG.

Why dus, my heart, dost deu repine?
De boy's all right dat I'm divine,
But when I talk ob wedlock, dey
Pull up stakes and scoot away.
Re-enter FAUSTUM, *rigged out in de height ob fashion, with jewelery, cane, etc.*

MARG.—Can it be! What, Cuffy dress so gay?

FAUST.—Now, gal, hitch on. [*Shows purse.*] You go it and I'll,
Come, my lub, and float wid me,
All de sights we's bound to see;
Yonder carriage I will call,
And on de day up wid a ball!

[FAUSTUM *has a gay time of it for a little while, but by and by* FUSTOPHILUS *finds de fish gittin' too expensive and 'clines to call in his note. Scene changes to dark garden. Dinner.*

FAUSTUM *wid a lot of gals and boys on a lark. They sing—*

Merrily, merrily, pass de hours,
Ebery one is full ob flowers.
Wine, wine! fill to de brim;
Pleasure's king—we drink to him.
[*They dance.*]

FAUST.—What's dis? my money gone! Some trick, I fear;
I'll call on him once more. Appear, appear!
[*Paper burns.*

FUS.—Time's up. I come to claim dis darky's bond.

FAUST.—Of company like yours I aint so fond;
Dat paper isn't good in my estimation,
For when I signed it you *forcot de stamp!*

FUS.—Foiled! foiled! Ha! ha! ha! [*Sinks amid thunder and red fire.*]

CHORUS AND CURTAIN.

OUR LITTLE WILL.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Lower the curtains, fold the white hands,
Press the wax'n'yielding fingers upon life's sands;
In the cold cerements, lying so still,
Seems to be sleeping—our little Will!
Chorus.—Softly, tread softly, he's gone to his rest,
Pure as the lillies he folds to his breast.

Mute are the lips on whose accents we hung,
Shadows are stealing those bright looks among,
Saw we the sunlight, we saw it go through the gloom,
Deep'ning the shades in the desolate room.
Chorus.—Softly, tread softly, etc.

Though the door's muffled to shut out all noise,
Each lifeless object has language and voice;
And as we sit by the hearth, lone and still,
We seem to hold converse with our little Will.
Chorus.—Softly, tread softly, etc.

MEMENTO OF MR. AND MRS. HACKETT.

Forty-two years ago the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, was under the management of Mr. Robert Maywood, and as the following bill will show, a benefit entertainment given on the first night of an engagement opened by Mr. and Mrs. Hackett. It will be seen, too, that on that occasion Mr. Hackett made his second appearance. This old bill will recall to mind the names of several other favorites who have long since passed away. To Geo. L. Barnes of Philadelphia we are under obligations for this memento.

THEATRE—WALNUT STREET.

The public is respectfully informed that, in order to render this establishment worthy the liberal patronage bestowed on it, and to add as much as possible to the comfort and convenience of the audience, a large ventilator has been placed in the dome of the theatre.

Acting-manager.....Mr. Maywood
Stage-manager.....Mr. Rowbotham

FIRST NIGHT OF
MR. AND MRS. HACKETT'S ENGAGEMENT.

Second night of the new American prize comedy, which was received on Monday evening with rapturous applause by a brilliant and overflowing audience.

MR. THAYER'S SECOND APPEARANCE.
THIS EVENING, MONDAY, MAY 25, 1831,
will be presented the burletta of
BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

Artixomines.....Mr. Hackett | Second counter.....Mr. Hathwell
Fusbos.....Mr. Whiting | General Bombastes.....
First Courtier.....Mr. Eberle | .....Mr. Roberts
Courtiers, Soldiers, etc.
Distifina.....Mrs. Hackett

After which an entire new comedy called
THE MODERNS, OR A TRIP TO THE SPRINGS,
which was received on Monday evening with rapturous applause.

Colonel Roanoke, a Virginian.....Mr. Walstein
Alderman Pumpkin and Co., Knickerbocker.....Mr. Phillips
Cicero Flattenbarrack, a modern Orator.....Mr. Riley
Charles Resolute, a New Yorker.....Mr. Still
Penelope Flattenbarrack, his wife.....Mr. Smith
Tom Ferret, Tandem's servant.....Mr. Logan
Melodious Migrate, P. O. P. and S. F. C.....Mr. Hackett

Hopeful Allslack.....
Isaiah Longswamp.....
Ferrybank Bridget Ann.....his scholars.
Hadenezer Ploughshear.....
Zebedee Peabody.....

Mrs. Alderman Flattenbarrack.....Mrs. Turner
Celestina Flattenbarrack, a compound of romance and affectation.....Miss A. Fisher
Hannah Flattenbarrack, a matter-of-fact, person-age.....Miss Thayer
Julia Roanake, the Colonel's daughter.....Mi

which had been communicated to one of its eyes. When arrested Rossi took the matter quite coolly, and held himself to be the victim of a foul conspiracy. He was immediately taken to a separate cell in the new prison, and there submitted to a medical examination, which showed that it was morally certain that he is not the guilty party. Rossi bears an excellent reputation among the Italian population, and is a gentleman in good circumstances. He is a man of a fine countenance, and by no means depraved in appearance.

BASEBALL.

ATHLETIC vs. ATLANTIC.

Finished with their signal success in Boston, the Athletics on Wednesday, June 18, visited the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., there to meet the Atlantic nine for the third time this season. The betting fraternity with their accustomed judgment invested at large odds against the Brooklyn nine; in fact, they went so far as to bet that the Athletics would score more runs in two of their innings than the Atlantics would in their nine. Despite the fact that a good, sharp game might have been expected, there were not over five hundred people present, the slimness of the crowd presenting a striking contrast to the large gathering in Boston. The attendance at Brooklyn matches has, however, fallen off of late from some cause or another, and it is now rare to gather over two thousand people at any match.

THE GAME.

Swandell was chosen umpire, and at 3.50 P. M. the Athletics went to the bat and "play" was called. McGeary opened with a high foul ball, which Pabor failed to hold, but the next ball, being sent to Remsen, was held after a good run for it, and the next two gave easy chances for outs and retired. Barlow then went to the bat, and hitting a high ball which McBride misjudged he had a life given him. By Pearce's hit to Fisler, however, the latter was enabled to make a pretty double play, and as Burdock hit a high ball a blank was drawn. Thus far things were equal, both sides dropping fly balls and drawing blanks. McBride opened the pitching with red-hot pacers, and he apparently relied more on speed than on strategy. The second inning was opened by Fisler, who sent a high short ball to Remsen, which the latter tried well to get under, but it was a safe hit. The next two were then put out, Pabor making a good catch. By Clapp's hit to right field Fisler easily got home from second, and one run was scored and earned. Before another could be got in Murnan retired, the inning ending for a single. Now came the event of the match. The Athletics had the lead and Boyd went in to help get square on runs scored. McBride was sending balls in "red hot," but this was what the Atlantics liked, and by way of a beginning Boyd hit a ball to centre field for three bases, and by Ferguson's single-base hit he scored an earned run. But for a wild throw of Clapp's to Fisler Ferguson would have been out at second base, and as Britt and Pabor were afterward thrown out, Boyd's run would have been the only one scored and earned. As it was, however, Ferguson had his third given him by the throw, and he got in by Britt's hit, the latter retiring. Dehlman then hit safely, but Pabor was thrown out. By Remsen's safe hit Dehlman came in; and then Barlow hit for three bases, Pearce for two, and Burdock for four, and Boyd was at the bat for the second time with two men out and seven runs scored, when he gave a chance to Sutton to catch him out, which was not accepted; but the next ball sent to Fisler ended the inning, leaving the score at 7 to 1 in favor of the Atlantics. It was a regular display of old-style Atlantic batting against very swift pitching. Though astonished at the result, the Athletics went into the third inning to recover their lost ground, and by the base hits of McGeary and McBride, assisted by Ferguson's errors, they got in two unearned runs. In this inning Fisher took McBride's place as pitcher, and he began to send in his "rippers." Ferguson opened at the bat, however, with a ball off Fisher over McBride's head, on which he reached his third, and but for his bad judgment in running home on Britt's hit an earned run would have been scored. Instead the Atlantics drew a blank, Ferguson being a victim of Clapp at home base, through Sutton's fine play. Sutton and Fisler bearing off the palm in fielding on the Athletic side in this game. This left the totals at 7 to 3 in favor of the Atlantics, with one third of the game over. There was time enough for a rally, but the Athletics in this game were not equal to the task; for not only were they unable to bat Britt's pitching with any effect, so finely was it supported by the Atlantics, but their fielding was far below their standard.

In the last six innings of the game the Athletics were only permitted to add a single to their score—a two-bagger by McGeary helping them to a run in their fifth inning. On the other hand errors led to the Atlantics scoring six more runs, five of which were unearned. In the sixth inning Pearce hit a ball from Fisler for four bases, and in the eighth Sutton hit for three bases. Fisher went in for speed entirely, and the result was that Clapp had to retire, passed balls and over-pitches helping the Atlantics to get runs in that were not earned by batting. The final result was the success of the Atlantics by the appended score:

ATHLETIC.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	ATLANTIC.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.
McGeary, s s	1	2	1	5	Barlow, c.	1	1	3	0
McBride, p	0	1	0	3	Pearce, s s	1	2	0	5
Anson, 1st b	1	0	9	1	Burdock, 2d b	1	2	3	2
Fisler, 2d b	0	1	1	2	Boyd, r f	1	2	1	0
Fisher, c	0	0	2	2	Ferguson, 3d b	0	1	2	3
Sutton, 3d b	0	1	1	3	Britt, p	0	1	0	1
Clapp, c	0	1	1	1	Dehlman, 1st b	1	2	13	0
Pabor, r f	0	1	1	0	Pabor, l f	0	0	1	0
McMullin, l f	0	1	1	0	Remsen, c f	1	2	2	4
Totals	4	8	27	13	Totals	5	13	27	15

Athletic	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	1	0—4
Atlantic	0	7	0	2	0	0	2	1	0—13

Runs earned—Athletic, 2; Atlantic, 3. First base by errors—Athletic, 2; Atlantic, 6. Total fielding errors—Athletic, 16; Atlantic, 7. Umpire—Mr. Swandell of the Resolute Club. Time—2h.

The Atlantics have now won a game from each of the four leading clubs of the championship arena.

BALTIMORE vs. WASHINGTON.

The fifth championship game between the Lord Baltimore and Washington Clubs was played at Washington, D. C., June 16, resulting in a victory for the former club after a close and well-played contest. The visitors were minus the services of Force, Radcliffe and Hall, and the Washington of those of Holly. The latter have made several changes in the position of their nine, which this game proved to be very judicious, their fielding throughout being very sharp. They went to the bat, and after two men had been retired, one on strikes and one on a fly to Pike, Glenn secured one to McVey, which was missed. Base hits by Donnelly, Bielaski and Thomas, and slow handling by York and Carey, gave them two unearned runs before Snyder struck out. The Lords went out in one-two-three order, Carey by a fly to Hines, Craver by Thomas to Glenn at first, and Pike died by Thomas. In the second inning Stearns, Warren and Hines gave base chances to Hastings and York, and Waterman, after reaching first on Craver's error, was left. McVey and Hastings went out at first by Thomas and Warren. Brainard by a clean hit to centre made first, but was left, as Mills gave Snyder a chance on a foul fly. In the third, Glenn secured first, but the next three strikers popped up high ones for McVey and Hastings and York, and a blank was the result. York made first on a good hit, and by a wild throw of Waterman's, a passed ball, and a base hit by Cummings, scored an unearned run, Carey, Craver and Pike going out on short, infield flies. The Washingtons were blanked in the fourth inning, and McVey got in one not earned, by Bielaski's muff of Mill's fly. Brainard went out at first by Donnelly, and the same player made a fine double play by taking York's ball on the fly, which he had to run in for, and sending it in time to cut off Hastings, who had started for home. On good hits by Glenn and Donnelly, and wild throws by McVey, Hines and Glenn scored in the fifth, and on the part of the Lords easy outs off the pitching were offered by the next six men in the fifth and sixth innings and promptly accepted. The Washingtons failed to score in the sixth, leaving the figures 4 to 2 in their favor. Hines made a base hit in the seventh, but was forced at second by Glenn's hit to Craver, which Carey sent to first in time to cut off the striker also. Donnelly made a base hit, and Bielaski reached his first on a low fly that McVey failed to hold, but both were left by Thomas' foul bound, captured by McVey after a hard run. Pike made first on slow handling by Thomas and reached third on McVey's hit to Thomas, who put Mac out at first. Hastings hit to Warren, who by a feint of throwing to first succeeded in getting Pike to start for home, and he was run out by Warren and Snyder. Brainard went out at first by Thomas' prompt recovery of the ball after it had been dropped by Donnelly. Snyder commenced the eighth by a good hit past second for one base, and after Stearns had been scooped in by Craver, Warren sent one to Carey, which the latter juggled badly, and Warren made his base and Stearns came in. Pike now took second, Carey third. Hastings went out to centre and McVey behind the bat. Waterman made a good hit and sent Warren home, and the next two strikers were disposed of by Craver and McVey. The score was now six to two, and the Baltimores saw they must do something soon or retire defeated. Mills hit well for his base, and York sent a grounder to Glenn, which he failed to stop, a couple of passed balls sent Mills to third, and he came in on Cummings' hit to Thomas, Cummings going out at first. Carey and Craver struck safely, sending York in. Pike sent a ball to right field, which the umpire decided fair, though to nearly everyone it appeared foul, and sent home two men, tieing the score. Though the judgment may have been incorrect, there was no excuse for the torrent of abuse which the crowd poured upon the umpire during the rest of the game. McVey was caught out by Thomas, Hastings made first, and Brainard went out on a third strike called by the umpire. The Washingtons evidently lost heart and batted weakly, failing to score, while Mills by a good hit made first, and reached third by slow handling of the ball by Warren. York went out at first, and Cummings hit hard to right field, bringing in Mills, thus winning the game, but was cut off trying to make second by the return of the ball from Bielaski. Carey was put out on foul to Snyder. Hastings, Mills, Glenn and Donnelly led at the bat, while York, Thomas and Donnelly excelled in fielding. The umpiring was rather poor. The score:

WASHINGTON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	BALTIMORE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.
Waterman, c f	1	0	1	0	Carey, 2d b	0	1	1	2
Hines, l f	1	1	2	0	Craver, s s	1	1	2	0
Glenn, 1st b	2	2	11	0	Pike, c f	0	1	1	0
Donnelly, r f	2	2	2	0	McVey, 3d b	1	1	5	1
Bielaski, r f	0	1	0	1	Hastings, c	0	1	2	8
Thomas, 3d b	0	1	5	5	Brainard, r f	0	1	0	0
Snyder, c	1	1	4	1	Mills, 1st b	2	2	5	0
Stearns, p	0	0	0	1	York, l f	0	0	1	0
Warren, 3d b	1	0	2	1	Cummings, p	0	2	0	0
Totals	6	9	27	10	Totals	7	12	27	5

Washington	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	0—6
Baltimore	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	4	1—7

Runs earned—Baltimore, 3. Bases on errors—Baltimore, 3; Washington, 8. Umpire—Mr. Miley Robinson. Time—2h.

CHELSEA vs. KING PHILIP.

The first game for the amateur championship of Massachusetts between the Chelsea Club of Chelsea and the King Philip of East Abington was played on the grounds of the latter June 17. The contest was one of the finest ever witnessed between amateur clubs. The fielding on both sides was very sharp; the total fielding errors being 8 for the King Philips and 6 for the Chelseas, while the batting was as evenly balanced, the King Philips being credited with 4 first-base hits to the Chelseas' 6. The umpiring of Mr. Loud of the King Philips is deserving of mention for the able manner in which he enforced the rules. The score is as follows:

CHELSEA.	R.	1B.	KING PHILIP.	R.	1B.
Mulrie, c	1		2 J. Madigan, c	0	1
Woodhead, s s	0		0 W. Thompson, p	0	0
Davis, c f	0		0 Tirrell, 1st b	1	0
Foye, p	1		1 R. Madigan, r f	1	0
Wilson, 1st b	1		0 F. Thompson, 2d b	0	0
Loftus, r f	0		1 Bates, 3d b	0	1
Piggott, 3d b	1		0 R. Thompson, s s	0	0
Peck, l f	0		1 Loud, l f	0	0
Gardner, 2d b	0		1 Mangan, c f	1	0
Totals	4	6	Totals	3	4

Umpire—Mr. Loud, King Philip Club. Time—1h. 20m.

STOCK-BROKERS PLAYING BALL.

On June 16, a party of stock-brokers, members of the New York Stock Exchange, visited Hoboken, N. J., and had a contest together on the Knickerbocker Club grounds. The game was, of course, a regular muffin affair, although a source of much amusement to a large crowd of Wall-street gentlemen who were gathered to see the fun. The score below gives the details:

HOMANS' SIDE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	MEIGGS' SIDE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.
Homans, p	5	4	0	3	Parker, p	3	3	2	1
Ball, c	6	3	9	2	Harriman, c	3	1	11	1
Starr, 1st b	3	2	3	0	Pierce, 1st b	4	3	6	1
Rutherford, c f	2	1	0	0	Connors, 2d b	3	1	0	0
King, 2d b	3	5	4	0	Emerson, l f	3	1	1	0
Bliss, l f	0	1	0	0	Gladwin, s s	3	3	0	4
Belden, r f	2	0	0	0	Keese, r f	2	2	0	0
Hunting, 3d b	4	2	0	1	Green, r s	3	2	0	0
Maltbie, s s	6	4	5	1	Ryerson, c f	4	4	0	0
Granberry, r s	4	4	3	1	Meiggs, 3d b	3	3	4	1
Totals	32	26	24	8	Totals	29	25	24	8

Homans' Side	1	4	3	5	2	0	6	11—32
Meiggs' Side	3	1	7	1	8	1	9	1—29

First base by errors—Homans', 12; Meiggs', 18. Runs earned—Homans', 7; Meiggs', 8. Total fielding errors—Homans', 27; Meiggs', 22. Umpire—Mr. Davis of the Knickerbocker Club. Time—3h. 30m.

Mr. Meigs formerly played in the Enterprise Club, and Mr. Pierce in the old Putnam nine of Brooklyn.

BALTIMORE vs. RESOLUTE.

On Tuesday, June 17, a game was played on the grounds of the Baltimore (Md.) Club, between that organization and the Resolutes of Elizabeth, N. J., the score of which is appended:

BALTIMORE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	RESOLUTE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.
Carey, 2d b	1	1	1	4	Fleet, 2d b	1	0	6	5
Craver, s s	2	3	1	4	H. Campbell, p	0	2	2	1
Pike, c f	1	2	2	0	D. Allison, c	3	0	2	3
McVey, c f	2	1	3	0	Austin, c f	1	0	2	0
Hastings, c	1	1	10	0	M. Campbell, s s	1	0	3	5
Radcliffe, 3d b	0	1	1	2	A. Allison, r f	1	0	2	0
Mills, 1st b	2	2	10	0	Nevins, 3d b	1	2	1	0
York, l f	0	3	0	0	Farrow, 1st b	1	0	7	0
Cummings, p	4	2	1	1	Booth, l f	0	0	2	0
Totals	15	16	27	11	Totals	9	4	27	13

Baltimore	1	2	1	2	1	7	1	0	1—16
Resolute	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	1—4

Runs earned—Baltimore, 2; Resolute, 0. Bases on errors—Baltimore, 9; Resolute, 6. Umpire—M. Hooper. Time—1h. 50m.

WASHINGTON vs. RESOLUTE.

These clubs met at Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, June 18, and played a very interesting game, which was marked by but few errors, and those mainly attributable to the hardness of the field. Heavy batting secured a victory for the home-club, the score being as follows:

RESOLUTE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	WASHINGTON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.
Fleet, s s	1	2	0	4	Waterman, c f	3	3	1	0
H. Campbell, p	1	1	0	0	Hines, l f	2	2	3	0
Laughlin, 2d b	0	1	3	6	Glenn, 1st b	0	1	8	0
Austin, c f	0	0	1	0	O'Donnelly, s s	0	1	0	5
M. Campbell, 1st b	0	0	15	0	Bielaski, r f	0	1	3	0
A. Allison, r f	2	0	0	0	Thomas, 2d b	0	0	4	2
Nevins, 3d b	0	0	1	1	Snyder, c	0	0	5	2
Farrow, c	0	0	5	0	Stearns, p	0	0	1	0
Booth, l f	1	0	2	0	Warren, 3d b	1	1	2	2
Totals	5	5	27	11	Totals	7	9	27	11

Resolute	2	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	0—5
Washington	2	2	1	1	0	0	0	1	0—7

Runs earned—Resolute, 2; Washington, 2. Bases on errors—Resolute, 6; Washington, 4. Umpire—M. Hooper, Maryland Club. Time—1h. 50m.

MUTUAL vs. JASPER.

The Mutuals played an experimental practice game with the collegians of Manhattan College on June 19 on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., Start and Gedney being absentees. About fifty people witnessed the game. The score below gives the result:

MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	JASPER.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.
Eggler, c f	3	3	1	1	Geer, 3d b	0	2	2	4
Higham, 2d b	2	3	4	2	McGinley, c	0	0	6	1
Hatfield, 1st b	2	3	8	0	Brown, 2d b	0	0	5	2
Mack, 3d b	2	4	0	1	Carroll, l f	0	0	1	0
Martin, p	1	0	1	0	Hamilton, s s	0	3	2	2
Hicks, c	2	2	7	1	Laine, p	0	1	0	4
Matthews, r f	5	3	1	0	Donlin, r f	1	0	1	0
Lee, l f	4	4	4	0	Powers, 1st b	1	2	6	0
Holdsworth, s s	4	5	1	3	Welch, c f	0	1	1	0
Totals	27	29	27	8	Totals	2	9	27	9

Mutual	2	2	1	2	6	6	5	3	0—27
Jasper	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0—2

First base on errors—Mutual, 10; Jasper, 1. Runs earned—Mutual, 11; Jasper, 0. Total fielding errors—Mutual, 5; Jasper, 29. Umpire—Mr. Swandell. Time—2h.

UNKNOWN vs. EMPIRE.

These Detroit, Mich., clubs were opponents in a match for the cup emblematic of the State championship played in said city June 13. It was the best game ever contested in that section, and resulted as follows:

UNKNOWN.	R.	EMPIRE.	R.
Barry, 3d b	2	Collins, 2d b	1
C. Kelly, 1st b	0	Sheeran, c	0
Bowler, l f	1	Campbell, p	1
Stevens, s s	1	Clifton, 3d b	0
O'Grady, c f	0	Pursell, s s	1
Stearns, 2d b	1	Cothrain, c f	0
P. Kelly, p	0	Martin, l f	0
Welch, r f	0	Hull, 1st b	0
Considine, c	1	Knox, r f	0
Total	5	Total	4

Unknown	1	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	0—5
Empire	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	0—4

Umpire—Wm. Wilson, Empire Club. Time—1h. 40m.

THE MARYLANDS ALIVE AND KICKING.—The statement in a Philadelphia paper that the Maryland Club has disbanded is contradicted as follows:

BALTIMORE, June 19, 1873.

FRANK QUEEN.—SIR:—Be kind enough to contradict the statement in your paper in reference to the Maryland B. B. Club being defunct. Such is not the case, and they come North in the early part of July, playing two games in Philadelphia, two in New York, two in Boston. On their return they will play in New York and Philadelphia with the following players: Strattan, Lennon, Barnett, Sellman, Kohler, Hooper, J. Smith, French, Sheppard, Goldsmith and W. Smith.

WM. J. SMITH, Manager M. B. B. C.

J. A. PIERCE of Chicago, Ill., who advertises, deals in and manufactures baseball, cricket and other sporting goods.

BAGNALL VANQUISHES TURVEY.

The important three-mile race in 15-ft. inrigged boats, for £100 a side, between Robt. Bagnall and Wm. Turvey, came off on Walney Channel, Barrow, Eng., June 3, the course being straight-away. The boats used by the contending oarsmen, although 15ft. long, were very dissimilar in other respects. Turvey's was built of pine wood, in three planks, and weighed 33lb. It had a beam of rather over 3ft., and was fitted with a fixed seat. Bagnall had two boats built for the occasion, one in Newcastle and the other at Barrow. The Newcastle boat was of cedar and bay wood, in one plank, and weighed nearly 50lb. It measured 4ft. 2in. across the beam, and was fitted with a sliding seat. The boat built at Barrow was of pine wood, in three planks, and weighed 35lb. It was about 2in. narrower in beam than the Tyneside boat, and had a sliding seat. After a trial, it was decided that the Barrow-built boat, both in theory and practice, was the better craft. Turvey's boat was fitted with a fixed seat. Bagnall's career is familiar to our readers, and we need not give it here. Turvey was a totally unknown man outside of his own circle. He was born at Pershore, March 25, 1833, stands 5ft. 7½in., and weighs 164lb. He had previously contended in several local races, generally with success. He had always been noted for great strength, and it may be worthy of record, as an evidence of his extraordinary muscular power and activity, that on one occasion he unloaded, by hand, twenty tons of pig iron in thirty minutes. He joined the army in 1859 and served in the Grenadier Guards two years. It was ten minutes to five before the men got away, at the first attempt. Turvey had the windward side and got rather the best of the start, but soon lost this advantage by bad steering, being apparently unable to manage his craft in the lumpy water. Before he got fairly settled down to his work, Bagnall was some fifty or sixty yards ahead; but Turvey now began gradually to lessen the gap, and when about two miles had been rowed, three lengths separated them. Both men were now rowing well; but it was easily seen that while Turvey was doing all he knew, the Newcastle sculler was pulling well within himself; and when, during the last three-quarters of a mile, Turvey approached to within about two lengths, Bagnall put on a slight spurt, and again increased the distance between them. Turvey rowed gamely, but eventually Bagnall won by four lengths, appearing not the least exhausted, whilst Turvey evidently had had quite enough of it. Time, 24min. 20½sec.

YACHTING ON THE DELAWARE.

Last week the yachtamen of the City of Quakers enjoyed several races on the Delaware River. The first took place on June 16, and was between the Steward A. Standiford, owned by Thos. Ledger, and the Charles Abel, the property of Chas. Austin, $200 being at stake. The start was made from the Waterworks wharf, and the boats were to sail to a buoy off Billingsport and return, rounding a buoy off Shackamaxon-street wharf. The Standiford was sailed by Captain Joseph Bradshaw, better known as "Bell-a-Nell," and the Abel was handled by Butler Vandelice. The yachts got off well together at precisely five minutes after ten o'clock, with the Abel in the advance. This lead was held throughout the race, and the lower buoy was rounded in the following order: Abel, 12.25; Standiford, 12.38. On the upstretch the Abel still continued in the lead, and, notwithstanding the brilliant manner in which the Standiford gained on her competitor, the Abel rounded the home buoy at exactly two o'clock and fifty-six minutes, and the Standiford fifty-eight seconds later.

The second race was between the fifteen-foot boats George B. Jesson and Kate Leary, and came off on the 18th, the course being from Wood-street wharf to and around the second buoy and return, for $200. The boats started at 10.25 and got off well together. There was hardly any wind, and the boats made but little speed. They were accompanied by the steam yacht Isabel and a number of sailing craft. The Jesson reached the second buoy at 1.20 P. M., being ten minutes ahead of the Leary. On the return course the wind freshened up a little and the boats made better time. A large number of people gathered on the wharves and other available places in the vicinity of Wood-street wharf, and great excitement prevailed. The Jesson reached and turned the home buoy at 4.14 P. M., one minute ahead of the Leary. The captain of the latter claimed a foul, and the decision was reserved. The judges were Wm. Kirk and Geo. Dickson; referee, Wm. H. McBride. On the same day a race took place at Gloucester, N. J., between the yachts Wilhelmenbren, Rick and Painter, the course being from Gloucester wharf to and around the Block-house buoy and back. The purse of $60 was won by the first-named boat, Painter second.

On Thursday, 19th, fishing-skiffs J. W. Myers, Capt. Rutter, and John H. Solomons, Capt. Crouse, sailed from the South-street wharf to Chester Island buoy, and back to Al. Dager's wharf, foot of Palmer street, Kensington, for $250 a side. The Solomons won by seven and a half minutes, after an interesting contest.

CRYSTAL LAKE CLUB.—This Melrose, Mass., rowing club held their opening regatta this season at Crystal Lake June 17. It was for four-oared crews, over a course of about one mile and a quarter, with three turns, and the crews were as follows:

Crew No. 1—A. W. Briggs, bow; C. B. Hill, J. B. Scamman, L. M. Scamman, stroke; F. G. Howard, coxswain.

Crew No. 2—G. E. Munroe, bow; Geo. M. Ray, S. H. Buttrick, W. R. Lavendar, stroke; B. F. Burnham, coxswain.

The boats were rowed on the gunwale, and up to the three-quarter turn the contest was interesting, but here No. 2 met with a mishap, breaking a rowlock, which threw them behind, their opponents winning by twelve seconds in 8:04. Judges—Lieut.-Commander N. M. Dyer, U. S. N., and J. G. Pike. Referee—Hobart Clark. Timekeeper—Mr. Upham.

THE STATEN ISLAND YACHT CLUB'S signal will hereafter be a white ground with a red border and a blue S in the centre. The annual regatta has been fixed for July 9, and the yachts will sail over a course of fifteen miles and eighteen miles respectively for the two classes. The yachts Albert and Edith are to race for a silver cup and chowder for the club June 25; course from off Stapleton dock eight miles down the bay and back.

THE SYRACUSE (N. Y.) UNIVERSITY BOATING ASSOCIATION are to hold their first annual regatta June 25 on Onondaga Lake. Four races are programmed, viz., for four-oared shells, open to all amateurs; single scull, for professionals; single scull, for amateurs; four-oared shells, between the Excelsior Club of Rochester and the Banshee of Buffalo. Valuable prizes are offered for each race. The Gramercy Club, now training at Lansingburgh for the Harlem regatta will compete in the first race, Jimmy Wilson rowing stroke instead of James O'Neill.

FOUR-OARED RACE.—The rowing season in Halifax Harbor, N. S., was opened June 13 by a race between four-oared whaler boats, the contestants being the "Kennedy crew," consisting of Thos. Cahill, Daniel, William and John Kennedy, and another four of local repute, composed of Wm. Ross, Robt. Foley, Michael Inglis and John Mann. The stakes were $80 a side, and the course from Cunard's wharf around George's Island and back. The Ross crew got off first and were never headed, winning by a couple of lengths; time, 21 minutes and 10 seconds.

MR. WILLIAM OSGOOD has purchased from ex-Commodore Stebbins the schooner yacht Phantom. She is now being fitted out at New London, Conn.

THE TURF.

TROTTING AT FLEETWOOD PARK.

FIRST DAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18.

WINTHROP MORRELL, JR., WINS THE 2:50 RACE, AND SENSATION THE 2:29 RACE.

The Spring Meeting of the Fleetwood Park Association commenced on the 18th inst. There was a large attendance of spectators, who were highly gratified at the trotting witnessed. The course was in admirable order, and good fields of horses contested the purses offered for competition.

The first trot was for a purse of $800, and for this there were sixteen entries, comprising M. Carroll's Winthrop Morrill, Jr., M. Roden's Penobscot, W. C. Trimble's Zephyr, Dan Mace's Tip Allen, J. H. Phillips' Fanny Osborn, I. P. Ackerman's Hamperion, George Haner's Vulcan, Alden Goldsmith's Volunteer Belle, A. McDonald's Richards; Daniel Pfifer's Lady Pfifer, James Dugrey's Ben Smith, J. W. Ray's Stella, Benjamin Mace's Washburn Maid, Alexander Patterson's Frank Klock, James McKee's Silver Tail, and Thomas Lee's Henry C. Woolley (formerly Spangle). Stella, Washburn Maid, Frank Klock, Silver Tail and Henry C. Woolley did not start, eleven coming to the post. In the pools, Winthrop Morrill, Jr., brought $200; Tip Allen, $85; Ben Smith, $22; Fanny Osborne, $23; the field, $110. The favorite took the lead in the first heat when the judges gave the word, and, retaining it throughout, won easily by two lengths in 2:33, Penobscot second and Tip Allen third. Winthrop Morrill, Jr., was now sold against the field, bringing $200 to the field's $75. The second heat was won by Penobscot by a length from Zephyr, with Tip Allen third, in 2:32; Lady Pfifer being distanced. Ben Smith was now withdrawn, and Winthrop Morrill, Jr., won the heat by half a length from Penobscot, with Zephyr third, in 2:31. He also won the fourth heat and race by three lengths in 2:35, Penobscot taking the second, and Zephyr third money. Summary:

FLEETWOOD PARK, JUNE 18.—TROTTING.—Purse $800, for horses that have never beaten 2:50: $550 to the first, $150 to the second and $100 to the third horse; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

M. Carroll's blk s Winthrop Morrill, Jr	1	4	1
M. Rodin's b g Penobscot	2	1	3
W. T. Trimble's br m Zephyr	9	2	2
D. Mace's b g Tip Allen	3	3	4
J. H. Phillips' b m Fanny Osborn	6	5	5
I. P. Ackerman's br s Hamperion	5	6	6
A. Goldsmith's b m Volunteer Belle	8	8	7
A. McDonald's b g Richards	7	7	8
G. Haner's ch m Vulcan	11	9	9
J. Dugrey's g g Ben Smith	4	10	dr.
D. Pfifer's br m Lady Pfifer	10	dis.	
L. W. Ray's b m Stella		dr	
B. Mace's m Washington Maid		dr.	
A. Patterson's b g Frank Klock		dr.	
J. McKee's g g Silver Tail		dr.	
T. Lee's r g Henny C. Woolley (formerly Spangle)		dr.	

Time.	Quar.	Half.	Mile.	Time.	Quar.	Half.	Mile.
1st heat	0:37	1:14	2:33	3d heat	0:37	1:13	2:31
2d heat	0:37	1:14½	2:32	4th heat	0:36	1:17	2:35

The second race was for a purse of $2,000. The entries and starters were Ben Mace's Sensation; G. N. Ferguson's Crown Prince; O. Bort's William B. Whitman; and P. Manee's William H. Allen. The pool-betting showed Sensation to be the favorite over the field, selling for $200; W. B. Whitman, $130; and William H. Allen $50. In the first heat Crown Prince led Whitman and Sensation to the quarter in 36 seconds, and to the half in 1:12, and was still a length in front as they swung into the homestretch; Sensation as far behind Whitman. On the last quarter Sensation trotted with such fine speed that he carried Crown Prince to a break, and came home an easy winner by a length in 2:27; Allen third and Whitman last. Sensation took the lead at the start in the second heat, followed in rotation by Crown Prince, Allen and Whitman. The favorite led to the quarter in 37½ seconds, and to the half in 1:12½; winning the heat easily by two lengths in 2:28; Whitman second. Sensation led again in the third heat and was the first to reach the quarter in 37 seconds; the half in 1:13, and came home an easy winner by two lengths in 2:29; Crown Prince and Whitman making a dead heat for second place; the former taking second money. Summary:

SAME DAY.—Purse $2,000, for horses that have never beaten 2:23; $1,000 to the first, $650 to the second, $350 to the third horse; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Ben Mace's b g Sensation	1	1	1
G. N. Ferguson's g g Crown Prince	2	3	2
O. Bort's ch g W. B. Whitman	4	2	3
P. Manee's g g W. H. Allen	3	4	dr.

Time.	Quar.	Half.	Mile.	Time.	Quar.	Half.	Mile.
1st heat	0:36½	1:12	2:27	3d heat	0:37	1:13	2:29
2d heat	0:37½	1:14½	2:28				

SECOND DAY, FRIDAY, JUNE 20.

The attendance continued large, notwithstanding the hot weather, and dusty condition of the roads. Two purses were on the day's card; the first a trot for a purse of $1,000 for 2:38 horses, and the second for $1,000 for a purse of $1,200. In the 2:38 purse there were twelve entries, of which seven came upon the track when the judges' bell summoned them to the race. These were John C. Snydam's Constance, G. N. Ferguson's Lady Banker, W. W. Kimmey's Lady Knox, Ben Mace's Washburn Maid, George Hedden's Asa, M. Roden's Winslow, and Otis Borts' Brown Prince. Constance had the call in the pool betting until a short time before the start, when Lady Banker's friends became so eager to invest their money, that she was made the favorite, selling for $55, Constance $45, Lady Knox $30, Washburn Maid $20, and the field $50. Constance won the first heat by four lengths in 2:37, with Washburn Maid second, and Asa third. She won the second heat by three lengths in 2:36¾, Lady Knox second, and Washburn Maid third. In the third heat Lady Banker trotted finely, and beat Constance three lengths to a stand in 2:34, with Lady Knox third. The fourth heat was won by Constance in 2:34¾, Lady Banker second, and Lady Knox third—these two latter taking second and third money respectively. Summary:

FLEETWOOD PARK, June 20.—Trotting.—Purse $1,000, for horses that have never beaten 2:38; $600 to the first, $250 to the second and $150 to the third horse; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

C. Suydam's b m Constance	1	1	1
G. N. Ferguson's br m Lady Banker	7	6	1
B. Mace

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnott, Louise
Anderson, Nellie
Bailey, Hannah E.
Bland, Edith
Baker, Minnie
Boshell, Louie
Bidwell, Dollie
Barrett, Pauline 10c.
Brown, Louisville
Berry, Belle
Chapman, Blanche
Quince, Viola
Coventry, Julia
Conroy, Mrs. J. L.
Cole, Katie
Carey, Fannie
Clifton, Belle
Davenport, Frankie
Dataello, Mad.
Delmay, Lulu
Deane, Josie
Daly, Dollie
Emma, Mlle.
Estella, Viola
Ellis, Mrs. H.
Fisher, Clara
Fuller, Blanche (3)
Gordon, Lillie Z.
Gordon, Miss M. E.
Gratton, Emma
Girard, Eva (2)
Greenfield, Mrs.
Girtschitz, Therese
Gordon, Belle
Hallean, Madam
Holt, Elisa
Harland, Ada
Hoffmeister, Miss.
Hedlin, Ella
Hosmer, Jane
Ice, Mrs. Harry
Lewis, Nellie
Lamb, Fannie
Leet, Rose
Lee, Anna
Lane, Lizzie
Lee, Mrs. H. C. 6c.
Lynne, Augusta
Marzetta, Rosa, 6c.
Mortimer, Pauline
Mitchell, Maggie(3)
Neilson, Miss
Napier, Alice (4)
Preston, Edith
Phillips, Amy
Parker, Dick
Powell, Barney
Pringle, C. W.
Queen, Montgom'y
Rowell, Wm.
Rose, J. D.
Price, Sam.
Reasley, Johnny
Pearson, Louis
Queen, Montgom'y
Rowell, Wm.
Rose, J. D.
Price, Sam.
Reasley, Johnny
Pearson, Louis
Richmond, H. G.
Roden, Manace
Reinhardt, Sam.
Rose, Jasper
Sweeney, Mr. &c.
Stetson, Harry S.
Sweeney, J. B. 25c.
Snow, Ben. M.
Stein, Arthur
Sayman, Eddie
Stubs, Stokes
Sebastian, Romeo
Secretary, Mr.
Equest. Ass'n
Stone, Charles
Simpson, Jack
Secretary, Ben.
Frat. O. of Elks
Stutts, J. G.
Shaw, Mrs. C.
Smith, W. H. (of California)
Steward, Nettie
Stanley, Blanche 3c
Stanton, Mrs. H.
Watson, Mrs. A. E.
Whiting, Nellie, 6c.
Williams, Nellie
Warren, Ella
Whitney, Nellie
Woodruff, Mary (2)
Weston, Carrie
Wells, Lu
Young, Angie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allen, Paul
Allen, M. C. (2)
Arnold, Billy
Arland, Charles
Arnold, Linus D.
Anderson, Geo. 2.75 (2)
Astley, Fred. Ed.
Atwood, Capt. J. J. 4c
Anderson, Joseph
Alden, Geo. D. A.
Archer, Geo. A.
Barnett, Lawrence
Bell, Hy. S.
Bernard, C. W.
Brennan, E. V. 4c.
Bunting, C. F.
Breen, Billy
Bowron, W'l. L. (2)
Bailey, Billy
Burt, Samuel
Burke, J. M. (Tail of Erie")
Bordwell, W.
Baker, B. 4.
Barnum, George
Barnum, P. T. (2)
Barnabe, Adolfo 8. 10c.
Bush, J. T.
Burke, Scpt.
Beckett, Harry
Bye, Charles
Burnett, John
Bennett, Frank
Benton, Chas.
Barlow, H. W.
Coupe, W. C.
Cavanagh, W. B.
Clark, Jas. H.
Castellion, Mons (2)
California Quartette
Creswell, John S. (2)
Cadelotti, Sig.
Cordova, Harry
Crill, H.
Carner, J. W.
Cotton & Archer
Carle, John H.
Coleman, D. W.
Cody, Geo. (3)
("Buffalo Bill")
Corri, Mast. Chas.
Castello, Charles
Cambridge, A. G.
Coburn, Frank (2)
Cowell, Henry
Carter, Barry
Chichester, G.
Clifford, Harry
Davenport, Harry
Ducrow, Wm. (3)
Davis & McKown
Donaldson, Theo.
De Haven, Claude (3)
Dupree, Wm. (Mohawk)
Durand, George
Devine, Wm. F.
Dyring, C. H. 5.
Davenport Boys
Denier, John (2)
Davenport, G. C.
De Waldron, T. B.
Danza, C.
Dalton, E. R.
Doshlis, Prof. E.
Evans, Charlie
Edouin, Willie
Eagan, John
Ellis, B. (Opera Co)
Egbert, Johnny
Eakins, A. (music)
Etiole, Prof. St.
Edgerly, Lansing
Ellis, Frank
Edwards, Frank
Forbes, Chas. (4)
Fenton, Jas.
Forepaugh, Adam
Frost, Hyatt
Fallon, Tom
Fredericks, C. S.
Francis, H. R.
Foote, Colon
Forepaugh, W. 3.5c 20c.
Fisher, Chas. (2)
Fraser, Alex.
Frail, Horace
Fairchild, Seaman
Gaylord, Low
Gilroy, Robt.
Gilbert, M. B. (Leader)
Gardner, Sam.
Greenwall, Henry
Gardner, Frank
Grant, Henry
Gonzales, Adolph
Gardner, D.
Gallagher, Charles
Gerrell, Leon
Haywood, Chas. (3)
Holland, George
Harrison, Charles (comedian)
Howes & Sanger's Circus
Hughes, A.
Hart, Tom
Henshaw, John F.
Hudson, John M. 3.
Hall, Ellis
Howard, Harry T.
Heywood, James
Heman, John H.
Hamilton, Wiley
Hennessy, Van
Herndon, T. J. (2)
Huntley, Wm. A.
Hussey, Jas. H.
Howson, John
Hicks, C. B.
Howard, Thos. T.
Haley, M. W.
Holland, T. Sidney 3c.
Haywood Bros.
Johnson, James
Jones, Arnold
Jones, Capt. G.
Smith, Dick
Smith, Dexter
Shaw, Frank
Smith, Frank
Smith, Jesse
Lasky, Jesse
Lee, Sam
Lane, Alfie
Lee, Mrs. H. C. 6c.
Lynne, Augusta
Marzetta, Rosa, 6c.
Mortimer, Pauline
Mitchell, Maggie(3)
Neilson, Miss
Napier, Alice (4)
Preston, Edith
Phillips, Amy
Parker, Dick
Powell, Barney
Pringle, C. W.
Queen, Montgom'y
Rowell, Wm.
Rose, J. D.
Price, Sam.
Reasley, Johnny
Pearson, Louis
Richmond, H. G.
Roden, Manace
Reinhardt, Sam.
Rose, Jasper
Sweeney, Mr. &c.
Stetson, Harry S.
Sweeney, J. B. 25c.
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Watson, Mrs. A. E.
Whiting, Nellie, 6c.
Williams, Nellie
Warren, Ella
Whitney, Nellie
Woodruff, Mary (2)
Weston, Carrie
Wells, Lu
Young, Angie
Parker, Dick
Powell, Barney
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Weston, Carrie
Wells, Lu
Young, Angie

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, June 23, '73.

While the thermometer was soaring up among the nineties, last week, we kept ourself quite cool by perusing various works on explorations in the arctic regions in search of the North Pole. You can have no idea what a delightful feeling of comfort comes over you while engaged in these domestic iceland expeditions—instead of perspiring as you would do under ordinary circumstances, you find yourself unconsciously, as it were, reaching out for a bear-skin to keep you from freezing. How can *that* be? Why easily enough—you give yourself up entirely to the subject before you; you forget all about the heat and thermometers, and things of that sort, and revel amid floes, and bergs, and towering mountains of snow, and ice; and it is only by encasing your person in furs, say in the folds of the skin of some ferocious polar bear that you are able to bear it in those high northern latitudes. Your comfort and pleasure can be greatly enhanced by the presence of cans of ice-cream and goblets of cobblers, mint juleps, and claret punches. You will feel a sense of your indebtedness to us for the information we have thus ungrudgingly imparted to you.....Some persons have a curious way of "getting square" with people. A short time ago a young man was ejected from a place of amusement for conduct unbecoming a gentleman and scholar. This was in Indiana, where wickedness prevails to an alarming extent. What did this unsafe youth do to get hunk? so to speak. Our pen almost refuses to chronicle the disgusting truth, but justice demands that the public should be kept secret from our readers. That sinful creature possessed himself of a vessel of kerosene—this pernicious fluid he lighted, and hurled the burning mass among the innocent mass of spectators, to their excitement, annoyance and discomfort. What nobody hurt? Hurt! Why, three men were killed outright, a score or more were burnt so as to be disfigured for life, and the shanty was razed to the ground! In that way the youth got square. What was done with him? Why, he was dealt with as a "jury of his *peers*" decided that he had acted in self-defense, and they acquitted him without sweating a hair.....Where, oh where have the loved ones gone? These are the sad words—latter as we saunter down the aisles of Niblo's or Sun, Gilmore's, or some banquet-hall deserted where we have been wont to gaze upon the fairest of earth's daughters, as they gayly touched the light guitar, swung their dainty feet in the soul-inspiring dance, or twisted their beauty-moulded limbs in the delirious intertwinings of the aggressive Can-can, where do all the beauties go who held us for so long in thrall? Will they no more our plaudits know, or answer to the prompter's call? Will they no more before our eyes flourish those dear, bewitching legs, or rise and fall under the "gilies," or show the men of traps their legs? If in an ice-cave they do dwell, O would that we might learn the way; we'd knock right under to their spell, and have the coolest kind of play!.....Many a time and oft we have had to write words of praise about actors and actresses during their season of layoff-ativeness, and many melancholy narratives will hem you in concerning the inhumanity of managers, agents, and directors. We pridbee give no heed to these nefarious tales, which whose make lie glibly with their face, and exhibit the sinful skin and cast of dissatisfied man. The player folk are watched with a jealous eye while enjoying their brief season of rest at the various summer resorts where meet the parvenu and plebe, the jocund man of the world, the dispenser of gospel truth, and the destroyer of female innocence. But of those you meet upon this common platform, the conduct of the players is the best. They are the most affable, and their manners a model for those who pretend to all the decency.....It is with joy unspeakable that we announce the discovery of still another natural curiosity—videlicet, a pig with two heads and three eyes, raised by an Iowa farmer. It has been truly said that he who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, is a benefactor of the human race. But oh! how much more a benefactor is that farmer man who has caused two pig heads to grow where only one was apparent before! As the wily side-show barker would say, "Let its give pause."

.....We have been somehow thrown of our centre, to speak engineserically, on being told that Miss Fuller, a Massachusetts girl, has been offered $3,400 a year to go to Fort Wayne, and "instruct vocal culture." This thing must be in a lamentable condition out there, and it is to be hoped that the girl's efforts will not be in vain, whatever the *sorts* of the vocal-culture adherents may be. It is morally certain that the empty noddles of the Indianans will become Fuller by the time this gushing young woman lets up on them. Our friends in Fort Wayne will please understand that we do not mean to reflect upon their want of culture, but rather to give credit for a desire to improve themselves in those branches in which they are so woefully deficient. We are free to admit that there are *some* people even worse off than those of Indiana, but that is no fault of the latter. This apology, we trust, will be acceptable to our numerous readers 'way out upon the prairies.—Ed.).....Did you ever live in a *theatrical* boarding-house? No. Well, if you are not one of them, you had better keep aloof. Why? Well, while the players understand and enjoy one another's habits, and little ways, and professional peculiarities, the luxury is not so applicable to an outsider. The players are apt to come in at late hours, and rehearse some new lines that have been given them; practice some new drop, or trumble, or giant-swing, may be. Does the boarding-house keeper permit it? She can't help herself—it's the boys' his, and they'd change the scene were she to interfere. "We have been led to these remarks" by the reading of a complaint just sent to us for publication in THE CLIPPER:

TE THEATRICAL BOARDING-HOUSE.
Confound the house! We vow we'll not
Remain another minute—
We like the manner well enough,
But not the people in it.
'Tis true that for theatricals
We're something of a race,
But much prefer to see and hear
Our heroes on the stage.

Next room but one adjoining ours
There lodges a soprano,
Who tortures till the midnight hour
A second-hand piano;
We think that all the neighborhood
By this time surely knows her—
Her "upper C" undoubtedly
Would suit Parepa Rosa!

We're of a rather quiet mind,
Yet sometimes feel like cursing,
To hear the dashing "juvenile"
From morn to night rehearsing;
And often, when a fearful sound
Reverberates the halls,
We find the heavy "leading man"
Is "practicing his falls."

Think not that these are all our woes—
No, we have many others,
For in the attic overhead
There lodge three dancing brothers;
And at the most unholy hours,
Unmindful of our presence,
Business and pleasure they combine
By doing up the "Essence."

.....We are in sore distress, having read in an English paper that the House of Lords [Ko, Jimmy, not the Hosier-street House of Lords.—Ed.] "has just decided that a man cannot marry his widow's sister." The Lords' will be done, but we cannot fathom this thing. In the first place, how can a living man enjoy the luxury of a widow, much less marry that *widow's sister?* In the next place would he not, by marrying his widow's sister, compromise his own character, and subject himself to an action for bigamy?.....If you only could know what is going on at this quiet season of the year, you would die with grief—by the sad waves! Breach of promise cases, covering the most astounding revelations that ever entered into the human heart; abductions, seductions and destructions are being piled up in fearful array, and these fiends of shapes threaten to launch their fulminations upon a defenseless public before the sultry heats of August shall have "paled their ineffectual fires" and opened the way for the Fall campaign. Songs-and-dance men are practicing new acts with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, while young ladies who beat the snare-drum are driving enough people insane to fill a new asylum. But we will not torture you with anticipations—the reality will meet you soon enough.....

"Never go into the water till you know how to swim." This was the precious advice vouchsafed to youth by our forefathers of old, those grand old-timers, whose cleverness and depth of thought are to this day held up to us as beautiful examples. The fact is, however, that the old-timers were in reality ignorant when compared with many *children* of the present day. What sort of advice was that to give a child: "Don't go into the water till you know how to swim?" How were they to learn to swim if they didn't go near the water, we should like to know. And talking about swimming, we think of something apropos. When the Man Fish business was first introduced to our observation, people used to go in for it lively, and young chaps would gamble about it, just as you would gamble on a horse race, or a baseball match, or other uncertain things. Children used to be found in the bottom of bath tubs, and wash tubs, drowned in attempting to be Men Fish. One night, while a party of us were sitting around Jim Johnson's big stove in his bar-room, the conversation merged on Charley Weightman and his Man Fish-ishness. Some of the smartest didn't see anything extraordinary in it, and one chap said he could keep his own mouth down in a quart of whiskey for ten minutes at a time if anyone would pay for the whiskey. Then Felix McGurgan spoke up, and says: "I haint no bettin' character, but I'll bet you drinks all round against any water half an hour without coming up to breathe, and the loser to pay for the suppers." This here offer was snapped up like it was a free drink, and time fixed for the aquatic entertainment. A tank was built, the water put in as well as a big crowd of fifty cents a head; that is, the water was let into the tank, while the crowd was content to remain outside. Then the band began to play, and soon after McGurgan appeared on the platform, went through his frog business—which he did look like a frog in those little blue drawers of his—and then went in coolump. Sure enough, he staid in thirty minutes, and seemed to enjoy himself right well. Then the orchestra discovered "Sally Come Up," and the Man Fish came up smiling. The show was a grand success, and it took like wildfire. Felix and Jim's played it onto 'em for a whole week, and he would have made enough to run a hotel, but for an accident that happened. McGurgan had a boy to assist him, as you will observe, to hand in his cigars, and chowder, and crackers and cheese, that he used to eat in the water by Men Fish. One day, something or other went wrong, and Felix kicked this high-minded boy, and then, mind you, discharged him, which was enough to disgust any boy in a dull season. That night, when the show began, McGurgan flopped in, as usual, but it was observed by the spectators that he didn't look right well, seemed uneasy and restless, and his eyes had a heavy, upward cast, as though something was the matter. All of a sudden, before two minutes had elapsed from the time Felix went under, there was seen a seething and a slashing in the water, and McGurgan came up like a rocket. You never saw such a distressed object—he was all purple about the gills, was this Man Fish; his eyes stuck out like quills upon the fretful porcupine; he was dripping with the perspiration of water, and was almost dead! What was the matter with him? Why, that dreadful boy, smarting under the sting of McGurgan's foot, and with malice and murder in his fiendish heart, had gone and stuffed a towel into the hole in the air-supply pipe (that he had put in private, you know), and this stopped McGurgan's way of raising the wind, you will see, to his great detriment and mortification. It took about one hour of holy rolling and a pint of "stuff" to bring him to again. After that painful event Felix McGurgan gave up Man Fish-ing.....That mourner who requested the undertaker to hurry up the funeral, as he had to go to the circus that afternoon, is now in the full and peaceful enjoyment of the effects of the deceased, she will have the admiral's cockboat, while the mourner is admitted to be a reprobate.....

"Our Jim" wants to know whether Lulu's flight is a flight of fancy.....We are told that the strength of several companies will be increased next season by the addition to the salary-list of the names of several critics on daily papers. We have not learned that these will include Daly papers.....Somebody intimates that high-heeled shoes and low-back humps are subsiding, but we believe this to be a vile calumny. The things remain as they were.

Lines to
HIGH-HEELED SHOES.

High-heeled shoes, you're so bewitching,
That sweet figure forward pitching,
While behind a hump appears!
Cinderella's feet were smashers,
Side those pretty water splashers;
All the blades with slim moustaches
Flutter as this way she steers,
Tripping, tripping, pitter patter,
Each step beats a rat-tat-tat.
Oh, these ribs! what's the matter?
"Come and kiss me," title dears.

CITY SUMMARY.

THE ATTENDANCE at all of our places of amusement during the week just closed was quite meagre. The numbers present at the various theatres averaged about the same.

J. M. WARD, aided by Miss Winnetta Montague, commenced an engagement at Wood's Museum on Monday evening, June 16, acting in J. M. Findull's concert drama entitled "Cuba, or Might Against Right," which was effectively placed upon the stage, and as well performed as the demands of the various characters required. The drama has been frequently reviewed in THE CLIPPER, and further comment is unnecessary. During the present week they will act in "The Winning Hand." At the customary matinees, Miss Annie Firmin and John H. Jack acted in "The Wife of Two," and during the present week will be seen in "The Hidden Hand."

"BLACK CROOK, OR THE WORKING GIRL," the title of a new and original drama in four acts, written by J. W. Meath, that was produced at the Bowery Theatre on June 16 for the first time on any stage. It contained no novelty either in its plot or in the method of treating it. The dialogue is of the most wearying description at times stilted and pedantic, at others commonplace. The interest of the drama as well as the opportunity for the display of histrionic ability was confined to very few persons. Of these J. H. Rowe, who made his first appearance at that theatre on the Monday evening, gave satisfaction as Alvin Dumont, which he acted in a very quiet, gentlemanly manner. He is a rising young actor, who gives promise of future excellence. T. Graham, as Jerry O'Toole, had considerable opportunity for vocalism and comedy, and did so effectively. E. W. Marston, as Simon Lord, Jr., both in make-up and acting was funny, and kept the audience in the best of humor. Mrs. W. G. Jones acted Uanna in her thoroughly earnest and artistic manner, and added much to the success of the drama. Miss Polk Hillis played Ella Mugins effectively, and the remaining characters were of the conventional kind and were conventionally acted. The drama was preceded by the performances of Ala, a gymnast, who does the Lulu trick, making the bound from the stage to the suspended platform. It must be confessed that this was the chief attraction of the week. Ala's gymnastic feats are superior to those of Lulu. The acts of "My Neighbor's Wife," acted under the title of "The Jolly Cobbler," commenced the evening's performances. This programme was performed until Friday evening, when, for the benefit of J. S. Jones, the popular treasurer, "The Octoroon," by permission of Dion Boucicault, was presented, preceded by Ala's gymnastic performances and the musical farce entitled "Nancy the Nightingale." The following artists voluntarily performed; J. B. Studley, O. B. Collins, G. W. Harrison, Miss Georgia Dickson, Miss Kate Raymond, Joseph La Tort, magician. The same bill was repeated on Saturday evening. For the present week Laura Alberta, an infant prodigy, will act in "Out at Sea."

TONY PASTOR has purchased the dwelling-house numbered 118 East Seventy-eighth street, between Fourth and Lexington avenues, paying therefor $21,000.

PROF. MERRY, magician, arrived from Europe by the Spain on the 22d inst.

THE WILSON SISTERS, Carrie and Addie, Miss Emma Bruce and Lew Rayne were the fresh appearances at Tony Pastor's during the past week. Miss Carrie Wilson, a miss of some fourteen Summers, sang character songs with rapid changes of costume, which were favorably received. She has a good voice, a pleasing face, and bids fair to win a good position in her profession. Miss Emma Bruce danced a can-can medley with delicious *abandon* and elicited considerable applause. Miss Addie Wilson and Lew Rayne, in parlor club exercises, evinced skill and practice. Billy Pastor sang comic songs, and the remainder of the company in their specialties filled out the programme, which closed with the pantomime entitled "The Unfortunate Fisherman," with Robert Butler as the clown.

CHARLES FOSTER, the popular and efficient stage-manager of the Bowery Theatre, and a dramatic author of considerable repute, is to receive his annual benefit at that theatre on Thursday evening, June 26, when a bill of powerful attractions will be presented. Mr. Foster deserves to have a large attendance.

LEWIS MORRISON, who is to play leading business at the California Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., during the season of 1873-4, sailed from this city on June 20, by the steamship Colon.

THE LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON at the Fifth-avenue Theatre will be the present, and "Madelein Morel" will continue the attraction. Owing to some mistake in announcing certain benefits during the early part of the past week, the nights were changed, James Lewis' benefit occurring on Wednesday evening, and Miss Fanny Morant's on Thursday. The present week, Mr. G. H. Griffiths, who is acting at Wallack's Theatre, will receive a benefit on June 23, James Roberts on the 24th, and Owen Fawcett, who is likewise acting at Wallack's, on the 25th.

MR. W. DAVEY, manager of the Lawrence Barrett Company, is at present in the city, and can be addressed as per advertisement.

"LITTLE NELL" commenced an engagement at the Olympic Theatre on June 16, acting in a sensational drama entitled "Fidelia the Fire Waif," which during the past season has been reviewed by our correspondents in various portions of the country. She acts with considerable dash and spirit, but it is the performance of her banjo solos and dances that give the most satisfaction. Her singing met with a fair degree of favor, but her voice has that shrillness peculiar to childhood. The other characters in the drama require but little dramatic ability to properly interpret them, and consequently need no comment beyond adding that all exerted themselves to aid in the success of the drama.

W. DAVIDOR, Jr., and Barry Duffield, arrived during the past week.

KNOWING the difficulties a regular critic must labor under in attempting to criticize a broken-Dutch play as well as a broken-Dutch actor, we detailed a foreigner of the German persuasion to attend the opening of Oofty Goofi's engagement at Niblo's Garden on Monday evening, June 16, when the new drama of "Koomer" was produced for the first time. The dialect business has become such an important feature in dramatic representations that we have commenced the cultivation of dialect critics, so that nothing shall be left undone to make our record complete, characteristic and reliable. The initial article in the German drama is by one of our new corps, who has developed somewhat prematurely; and though the purity of his discourse may at first appear to be a trifle obscure, yet a little familiarity with the subject will eventually bring out the *rez gesta*, as it were, in rich and glowing colors. We are at present growing a crop of Chinese, Russian, Esquimaux, Modoc, and similar critics, so that we may be prepared for all emergencies, and give reports of foreign amusements in their native tongues. Our readers will certainly thank us for this fresh evidence of enterprise. Read the appended report of the performance of

"DIFTY UND "KOOMER."

Vas brodiced at Nibblehose Dheadre, der next Monday of last week, der new blay of "Koomer," mit Misder Oofty Phillips (Gus Goofi) in der roll of Feder Koomer. There vas der sbrendit audiendz to Koomer her forsh, as shoe bootmaker vat gobbles for a liffing; und dough boor vas gorrented, und nefer feeled so hobby as vhen he didn't feel at all, for vhere vas many odder beebles in der house. Also shiefly peoples vas his habbyness a leetle good deal on cound of a nice leetle girl, Lena Genslein. He lofes Lena ferry much, for, in fact, he gits adequainted did dher got dot already dhey had briced a vedding-ring. In der meandime, dhere vas "dwo millions of dollars" vat don't belong to Lena, und himself, as cound her vas loased in some way. Vell, dis man, Lawyer Shly, vat already aind meadioned, he maked der ropes vent so dot Pedey der grubbler vas pounded on a write of Habbyus Corpus as der hair—der oniest man vat got right to shtuck his claws on dhem "dwo millions dollars" und say "dhem's mine." Py next shapter, blamed if dough he gits kindder rusty for want of a ogassional boots to solehalfheel. Aldough surrounded by blenty to eat, a nigger feller, und a lifely leetle vooman in der plonde vay, he don't forgo his Lina, vos bully for him. But afder a vhile id dransbires dot dhere's a olt vatercapdain vat's got a segar-box full mit someding mysderious, und id sevrtainly habbens dot Pedey and Mikerdemus Popery—as he dought all along he vasn't—but is blain Pedey Koomer der shoe-gobbler. So he vents afder his Lena, vos got her backsh and vent to see how her mudder's plaze of house mit a heart proke, because one day she keiched her Pedey kissin' der little plonde vooman. He founds her, und dhen comes eferypoddy to see him, und der vater-capdain gifs der mysderious segar-box to der *real* young feller vat's got right to handle dhem "dwo millions dollars." Dis goot-lookin' young shap obens der box, und discofers a leetle bankerupt, a morsel of segar, a baper of Wirgin, und a pair of boots und oder leetle dings he used to vore when he vas shtealed avay from Vhite Hall. Dot vas a vear ago, und since he has been der right blace in der right man; und den eferypoddy gits ready to bin married. Afder dot a leetle vooman mit no bandyloons called Lulu, und no last pardi on her name, she comes oud und jumbs ub in der air, vhirls apout on her feet, den turns a somerset, tumblesest in a net, und dot finishes up der plot some vay or oder, aldough I don't know yoost exactly how. Meandime Robert Fulford und dramatic company left dhis city on the 13th for a professional tour through the country, under the management of Ringgold & Rockwell.

RINGGOLD & ROCKWELL have purchased of Dion Boucicault the sole right of performing in the United States "The Long Strike," and also Mr. Boucicault's later revision of the same play, entitled "A Struggle for Life."

JOHN TEMPLETON closed his dramatic season at Danville, Va., June 16.

EDWARD KIDDER, the business manager of W. Horace Lingard's Comedy Company during the past season, has been secured by Messrs. Bidwell & Macdonough for a similar position with their "Black Crook" combination for the season of 1873-4.

SALLIE E. HUNTER, leading juvenile lady, will be at liberty after Aug. 1, and can be engaged for the Fall and Winter through her agent, Col. T. Allston Brown.

JOHN W. BURTON, Irish and low comedian, can be addressed as per advertisement.

BLAKENEY'S NEW YORK AND WESTERN THEATRE performed at Wooster, O., Massillon and Salem during the past week, and are announced at Alliance, New Philadelphia, Richfield, Akron, Cuyahoga Falls and Zanesville, Ohio—holding positions in each of these places for a week. Reservations he succeeded in keebin a big audience in goot shbirits, notwithstanding der hotvarm vedder vas doin his vorst pizness. Vonce in Akron, dhere vas a leetle got a moudful of lukeceold air, und vhere dhere vas a leetle bedder shance of freezing to death.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE the stellar attraction during the week was Minnie Foster, who acted six characters in the protean drama entitled "Madcap," which was quite recently acted at Wood's Museum. Miss Foster is *petite*, vivacious, and sings and dances well. George France created considerable merriment in the combination of Corkscrew Dick. Kelly gave a creditable performance of Bob Rickets, and the remaining characters were fairly acted by Charles Webster, Edwin Price, James Tighe, E. Mack, W. Williams, Annie Mack and Agnes Elliott. The drama entitled "The Fastest Boy in New York," acted before us in this city, closed the performances. During the present week John Allen and Miss Alice Harrison are to perform in a sensational drama entitled "Diedrich."

A SUMMER SEASON was inaugurated at the Union-square Theatre on June 18, Miss Charlotte Thompson being the stellar attraction and "Jane Eyre" the drama.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS will close their season Wednesday evening. During the past week the changes in the programme were as follows: "Sweet Violet," heart, Corse and **Kiss Me,"** sung by William Dwyer in the first part, and in the olio Morrissey and Emerson performed a song-and-dance, Dan Bryant and Nelse Seymour acted a sketch called "Deaf as a Post," and the "Pursuit of Happiness," or "Red Monday Shines," was revived for the closing feature. Neil Bryant's matinee benefit was fairly attended.

MORRIS SIMMONDS, theatrical agent, 609 Broadway, notifies managers and artists, through a card in another column, that he has perfected arrangements for increased office accommodation. He is the authorized agent for Elise Holt, burlesque actress, and for Shiel Barry, Irish comedian and character actor, for both of whom he is prepared to negotiate engagements for the season of 1873 and '74. He can also secure immediate engagements for several dramatic artists, from leading down to utility business.

THE NEW BOWERY MANAGER is calling New Opera-house, Wheeling, West Virginia, expects to be in the city early this week to arrange with first-class dramatic and operatic stars for the coming Fall and Winter season. See advertisement.

MR. AND MRS. ALLEN BROWN sailed for Europe by the steamship City of Brooklyn on June 21.

SANFORD & WEAVER, dramatic agents, 636 Broadway, advertise that Bonnie and Hattie Grinnell, song-and-dance artists, and Lottie Bernard and Geo. Livingstone, specialty artists, can be engaged through their agency.

MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING, vocalist, sailed for Europe per steamship Mosel on June 21.

THE SUMMER SEASON at Tony Pastor's closed with the performances of June 21.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, dramatic agent, 9 West Fourth st., advertises that Geo. Tirrell, scenic artist, and Chas. B. Griste, advance agent, can be engaged through his agency. O. W. Blake, comedian, can be addressed there, and artists of ability are wanted for the coming season at Wade's Opera-house, San Francisco, Cal.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN and wife, accompanied by Tony Denier and Eliza Newton, arrived from their three months' European tour on Sunday, the 22d inst., per the steamship Spain.

BILLY WILLIAMS, Swiss warbler, imitator of birds, animals, etc., as he was professionally known, but in private life Frederick Brown, an Englishman by birth, died on June 11 after an illness of only five hours. During the past two years he had been giving exhibitions with Jas. S. Moulton of Boston, Mass., a "lightning calculator."

THE BURTON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION are to close their twenty-third season by a performance at the New York Turn Hall Theatre, East Fourth street, on Wednesday evening, June 25.

MISS EMMA HOWSON and Frank A. Howson sailed for England by the steamship City of Brooklyn, on June 21.

MAURICE PIKE and his wife, who is professionally known as Millie Sackett, left during the week for San Francisco, Cal., where they are engaged at Smith's Opera-house to play juveniles and chamber-maids respectively.

J. C. ("FATTY") STEWART sailed for England by the steamship Canada, on June 21. He was accompanied by his wife and child.

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT PATEMAN, A. D. Billings, and Frank Roche have gone to San Francisco, Cal., to fulfill engagements at Smith's Opera-house.

DAN BRYANT has been tendered a complimentary benefit by a number of citizens of Boston, prior to his departure for Europe, which is to take place at the Grand Opera-house on Thursday evening, June 26, when an attractive entertainment, consisting of Irish drama and Ethiopian minstrelsy, will be presented. Dan's many friends and admirers generally have tendered their voluntary services: The Misses Jennie Hughes, Mary Cary, St. Clair, Mrs. A. Hind, Mrs. Sefton, Messrs. W. R. Floyd, who will make his first appearance in this city during two years, William Davidge, D. Whiting, G. De Vere, B. T. Ringgold, C. Rockwell, Bobby Newcomb, and the entire company of Bryant's Minstrels. The programme will consist of the first act of "The Colleen Bawn," with Dan Bryant as Myles-na-Coppaleen, a minstrel entertainment, Bobby Newcomb's specialties, and "Handy Andy," with Dan Bryant as Handy, and Miss Jennie Hughes as Oonah Rooney. Some time has elapsed since Mr. Bryant appeared in Irish comedy, which fact, coupled with a strong bill, should insure a large attendance.

STARS or stock artists desiring engagements at the Bowery Theatre during the season of 1873 and '74, commencing in September, are requested to apply to Wm. R. Freligh. See advertisement.

GEORGE WOOD, the manager of Wood's Museum, leaves shortly for a tour of Europe. He expects to be absent some months.

DRAMATIC.

To Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers and Others.

To every authorized correspondent of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER we have issued a card of a LIGHT-GREEN COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the name of the correspondent, city, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office and date of March 1, 1873, affixed thereunto, each card running for six months. No person is authorized to use any other card, and all showmen are earnestly requested not to recognize or extend favors to any person on behalf of THE CLIPPER unless he can produce a card like the above. Parties applying for the position of correspondent are respectfully requested to consider silence a negative.

THEATRICALS IN BROOKLYN, N. Y., during the week ending June 21, were materially affected by the "hot spell" which prevailed, even Fox's "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe failing to attract the good houses they did the week before. They closed at the Brooklyn Theatre on Saturday night to a full house. The theatre will be closed until the 30th, when it will be devoted to negro minstrelsy for the first time, Bryant's Minstrels taking possession for a week.....Eddy played in "Nick of the Woods" at the Park Theatre on June 21, to a fair house for one night, Harry Pearse appearing in "Robert Macaire." On June 23 the Coleman Sisters commence a week's performance there.....During the week "The New Magdalen" was played at the Lyceum to poor houses. This week Ed. Lamb is to be the star.....At Hooley's a new combination take the house on the 23d, including Bradworth, Bobby Newcomb, McKee, Rogers, John Morris, Lottie Bernard, Carrie Woods, Hattie Grinnell, Cook, Parker, Griffin, etc.

FRANK MAYO has made an absolute purchase, through Mr. Tayleure, of all of Mr. Boucicault's rights, title, and interest in "The Streets of New York."

R. DORSAY CODEN states, through a card elsewhere, that he will not transact any further business for the Richmond, Va., Theatre.

A TRAGEDIENNE advertises for an engagement for the coming season.

MANAGERS of first-class troupes and combinations desiring time for the season of 1873 and '74 at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., are requested to communicate with Leake & Dickson, as per card elsewhere.

M. B. CURTIS, at present with Lawrence Barrett's Combination, is engaged for the season of 1873-4 at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, O.

MACAULEY'S NEW VARIETIES, Louisville, Ky., is thus written about by our correspondent under date of June 18: "They have already commenced work on the new theatre, and it will be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible. The building is to have a front of 110 feet, by 160 feet deep, and will be four stories high. The theatre proper is in the rear of the main building and separated from it by an area, fifteen feet in width, which secures both light and ventilation. The main building is to contain a billiard-room, stores, offices and a spacious dancing hall, besides a number of sleeping apartments. The dimensions of the theatre are to be 110 feet in length by eighty in width, the stage 80 feet by 40 feet; the auditorium is to be furnished with patent folding chairs, and the appointments throughout will be very beautiful. The curtain will be a folding one of a new design, that can be drawn back from the sides. It is designed that the scenery shall be very handsome, and worked from beneath the stage, which will be supplied with all the latest improvements."

J. V. GILBERT, whose address is Cincinnati, O., is a very successful dramatic artist, a leader of orchestra, an agent and a stage-manager to travel with the Gilbert Sisters' Dramatic Company during the season of 1873 and '74.

C. S. advertises for a lady who can play farces, etc.

JOHN THOMPSON closed his engagement at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, Canada, on June 21. The Vokes Family will be the attraction for the present week.

A. O. MILLER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY performed at Allegan, Mich., June 19, 20, 21.

MISS PERSEY MORDAUNT will not return to Europe this Summer, as has been announced. During the coming season she is prepared to accept star engagements, and

and-dance; Quilter and Goldrich, double song-and-dance; Ned West, clog; and the O'Donohue, Irish vocalist.

FAY THOMPSON opened St. James Hall, Hamilton, Ont., June 13, for a season of four weeks, with the following company: Den Thompson, Irish comedian; Foley and Wade, song-and-dance; the Cohen Sisters, vocalists; Beard and Thornton, general performers; Cool Burgess was to have opened on June 16.

THE GUY FAMILY—George, William and Charley—can be secured for the Fall and Winter season by addressing as per advertisement.

BILLY PASTOR, comic vocalist, fortified with a new repertoire of original comic and character songs, can be engaged for long or short terms by responsible managers. Read his advertisement.

THE COLLYER BROS., Dan and Eddie, at the close of their engagement at Theatre Comique, Bay City, Mich., were recipients of a handsome cane each at the hands of their admirers. Joe Mills, the proprietor, will be tendered a complimentary benefit by the company, June 27. Mlle. Leoline, who has been seriously ill, has made her appearance renewed in spirit and health. The departures noted are Johnny Smith and wife, who go to Buffalo, and Nellie Clarke, who goes to East Saginaw. The announcements for the 23d are Hurley and Marr, double song-and-dance men, Buckfin and May Annetta, and Cora Everett.

AT SHELBY'S COSMOS, Buffalo, N. Y., Agnes Sutherland and Wm. Devere were the fresh appearances June 16. The former appeared to advantage in her Scottish airs, and Devere showed marked proficiency in his songs, dances and clogs. The departures on the 21st were Mlle. Albertine and Burt Wayne. To open on the 23d, Sadie O'Niel, Dollie May and Hurley and Marr..... Business at the Canterbury Varieties continues good. Annie and Jennie Dickson put in an appearance on the 16th, and made a hit in their songs-and-dances. Bob Lane acts as stage-manager, and gives his budget of comicalities with effect. No change in the company at present, but Harry Cliffert, Johnny Egbert, Lydia Webster and others will soon commence engagements. So reported our correspondent on June 22.

THE SOLE APPEARANCE at the Baltimore, Md., Opera-house on June 16 was Prof. L. FOX, who gave some creditable imitations of birds and animals. Attendance, moderate. No changes.....Miss Mollie Haverley, serio-comic, opened at Balbert's Odeon Varieties last Monday and met with much favor. Business has been only tolerable. Annie Ratelle, Tommy Dayton and Master Graham are underlined.....Little Sallie d'Angelis is to have a benefit at the Holliday-street Theatre on June 28, the entertainment to consist of dramatic and variety features. The succeeding week she will go to Indianapolis, with John and Master Tommy d'Angelis. So reported our correspondent on June 21.

ACKER'S VARIETIES, Troy, N. Y., continues to draw fair houses. The most important features the past week were Blanche Stanley in her serio-comic songs, Patti Rosa in songs and skipping-rope dance, the sketch "My Big Brother," and Mlle. Cerito's pantomime "Mad as a March Hare," in which she and Patti Rosa danced an excellent hornpipe, and Ned Goss appeared to advantage as Clown. Mlle. Cerito and Patti Rosa close on the 21st and open at East Saginaw on the 30th, for two weeks. Johnny Henshaw left on the 10th and joined Washburne's party. The following are announced for June 23: Annie Hindle, Annie Hughes, J. H. Hodges, Hattie Stewart, Andy Hughes, Billy McAllister, St. George and Gibbons and Wm. Cotton. So wrote our correspondent on June 21.

AT THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE, Toledo, O., Tommy Ward and Frank Wood closed on June 21, the former going to Flint, Mich., and the latter to Indianapolis, Ind. Frank Bennett, Little Eva, Cincinnatus, also Cardella and Holmes, are announced to open on the 23d.

AT TOOKER'S VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., Lizzie Barrets, serio-comic, and Harry Price, song-and-dance, appeared June 17. Gallagher and Free closed on the 14th.

GEORGE W. DERIUS is requested to communicate with Josephine West of Philadelphia, on a matter of business.

THE NEW-COMERS at Warren's Opera-house, Philadelphia, during the past week were Jerry Little, Irish comique, and Mathew Morgan, character-comedian and vocalist. The season closed on the 21st.

GREEN AND SADLER were the fresh appearances at Wild's Opera-house, Syracuse, N. Y., on June 16. Charley Reynolds re-appeared on the 21st, and Fayette Welch, Johnny Pendy and Harry Hardy are to open on the 23d.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Washington, D. C., A. W. Mafiin, spade and ladder dancer, made his first appearance and Fanny Kent her reappearance on June 16.

MINOR BAURO, contortionist, is the chief attraction at the Cricket Varieties, Denver, Col.

AT THE CORN EXCHANGE VARIETIES, Denver, Col., the chief performers at our latest advices were Harry Spriggs, Johnny Reilly, J. W. Wilson, Lucy Hall, Ella Martelle and Flora Ainsley.

THE GREAT CHICAGO SHOW exhibited last week in Cincinnati, and of it our correspondent writes on the 21st: "They have selected the same lot used by John Robinson, on Central avenue, below Twelfth street. They have done a good business through the week, and deservedly. The menagerie and museum department is not large, but the circus itself is an excellent one, the main features being the superb riding of James Robinson and son, and the trapeze act of Geraldine and Leopold. The spectacle of 'Cinderella' is given by children, and a 'flying ship' is also introduced. Sam Stickney and Wm. Burke are the clowns, R. E. Miles, one of the proprietors of this show, and also lessee of Robinson's Opera-house, suffered a compound fracture of the thigh by being thrown from his buggy, while returning from a visit to his home in the suburbs on Thursday last. His sister-in-law, Miss Ada Dow the actress, was with him, but escaped with slight bruises. The accident is very unfortunate for Mr. Miles at this time, as he was about to start for New York next week to make engagements for his theatre. The circus is billed to show in Nicholasville, Ky., Monday, 30, Lexington 24, Paris 25, Cynthiana 26, Covington 27, and Newport 28.....Barnums' Aggregation begins a season of four nights here on the 21st of July."

THE GREAT CHICAGO SHOW IN TROUBLE.—Spencer Q. Stokes, George W. De Haven and D. A. Loring have quarreled among themselves with regard to the management of the show, and on June 21 at Cincinnati, O., brought the matter before the Superior Court and asked that a receiver should be appointed and the copartnership dissolved. The Court appointed Thomas Powell, a lawyer, temporary receiver. On the same day two attachments were levied on the show, one by Francis S. Kopp, a musician, for a claim of $737.60, and the other by Elijah G. Newton, who sues Loring, one of the partners, for $5,383.71.

A. J. DEAN & Co.'s GREAT CIRCUS OF ALL NATIONS. is billed to perform at Huntingdon, L. I., June 23, Glen Cove 24, Jamaica 25, Patchogue 26, Babylon 27, Williamsburg 28. C. C. Pell has withdrawn from the management, and J. H. Laine, formerly the treasurer, is now the general business manager. Business on Long Island is reported as having been excellent.

JOHN ROBINSON'S GREAT SHOW is billed to perform at Lafayette, Ind., June 24, Fort Wayne 27. They have recently adopted a novel style of advertising. Some days previous to the advent of the show a free exhibition of fine oil paintings is advertised to take place at night with the aid of lime lights. Hundreds flock to the exhibition and are regaled with pictures of scenes in and around Robinson's Great Show, including views of the animals, acts in the arena, portraits of the performers, etc.

CLAUDE DE HAVEN is spoken of in very complimentary terms by the Lafayette, Ind., *Daily Dispatch* of June 5, as will be seen by the appended notice:

PERSONAL.—The accomplished and gentlemanly agent of "Bailey's Menagerie and Museum and Melville's Australian Circus, Claude De Haven, Esq., made us a passing call this morning. When we say that Mr. De Haven is a gentleman as well as a thorough business man, we have exhausted the entire stock of English eulogy, and said what we should be glad to be able to say of all the amusement agents who visit us.

J. H. LAINE, general business manager, and J. M. Wickwire, director of publications, with A. J. Dean & Co.'s circus, can be addressed care of this office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. E. JACKSON of Philadelphia has leased premises at No. 112 South Eighth street, that city, where he will open an establishment, to be known as Jackson's Printing House, about July 15. He states, through an advertisement, that he will be able to execute all orders for theatrical and general show printing with dispatch and at low prices, and he is now prepared to receive orders for engraving, lithographing, etc., and, by a special arrangement, can furnish printing from *The Ledger* office stock cuts at short notice. Mr. Jackson's patrons can address him as per card in another column.

PUBLIC HALL, Williamstown, Pa., can be rented through the proprietor, who advertises. It is furnished with scenery, dressing-rooms, etc.

C. MELVIN, JR., whose card find elsewhere, has magical tricks for sale.

A PANORAMA of the Chicago fire is advertised for sale in another column. It is in good running order and all complete.

WASHBURN'S LAST SENSATION is billed to perform at Danbury, Conn., June 24, 25, Bethel 26, New Milford 27, Woodbury 28, Naugatuck 30, Waterbury, July 1.

A PARTNER with capital is wanted to invest in a panorama. Address E. W. Wolcott, as per advertisement.

JOHN HILLYARD, scenic artist, advertises that he can be engaged for the Fall and Winter season.

CLARK'S OPERA-HOUSE, Elizabeth, N. J., can be rented through the proprietor, whose card find elsewhere. It is the only opera-house in the city, will seat eight hundred persons, and is furnished with scenery, four dressing-rooms and other conveniences.

SHOWMAN, who advertises, wants a partner, with $250.

THE NEW OPERA-HOUSE, South Bethlehem, Pa., can be rented through the proprietor, who advertises. It has a fine stage, with scenery, drop-curtain and dressing-rooms, and will seat twelve hundred persons.

W. W. VOSBURGH, bill-poster, who advertises, wants an engagement as advance agent.

J. M. BELLEW, elocutionist, will commence his second course of readings in America early in October.

N. P. HARRINGTON advertises for an engagement as second violinist, baritone, tenor or double bass.

RYDER'S MORAL SHOW and Burlesque Bellringers performed at Panama, N. Y., June 18, Jamestown 19, Randolf 20, Cherry Creek 21, and are billed for Forestville 23, Gowanda 24, Waverly 25, East Otto 26, Springville 27, Arcade 28, Holland 30.

CAPT. M. V. BATES and wife, formerly Miss Anna Swan, giants, are to exhibit at Boston, Mass., one week, commencing June 30.

JOSEPH THRELAY and company of athletes will perform at Diamond Cottage, Camden, N. J., on the 24th inst., making a balloon ascension on that occasion.

ISAAC CURTIS, advance agent or business manager, whose address find elsewhere, desires an engagement.

A TROUPE OF INDIANS, advertised as P. T. Barnum's tribe of Indians, gave exhibitions at the Pittsburgh, Pa., Opera-house on June 16, 17, 18, to fair audiences. The programme consisted of war-dances, battle-songs, target-shooting, scalping-scenes and other performances, and an Indian museum.

TOM THUMB and company are billed to be exhibited at Scranton, Pa., June 27, 28.

MORRIS & HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA was exhibited at Toronto, Ont., June 19, 20, 21.

GRACE EGERTON and Mr. George Case gave their entertainment at Toronto, Ont., June 16, 17.

ADAM MORTCLAIN (Cornelius), now at Pittsfield, Mass., recently gave a reading, in conjunction with ventriloquism by her husband, which attracted a good attendance. They are to give entertainments at Lenox, Saratoga Springs and Sharon Springs.

PROF. JOS. NOBLES, leader of orchestra and brass band, advertises for an engagement.

A FLUTE PLAYER, who can be addressed care of this office, can be engaged. He also plays the violin, cornet and solo alto.

MCEVOR'S NEW HIBERNICON opens at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa., on June 23, for one week.

TWO BILLPOSTERS are wanted for A. J. Dean & Co.'s circus. Address as per advertisement.

CHANDLER'S OPERA-HOUSE, Macomb, Ill., just completed, can be rented through the proprietor, whose card find elsewhere. It is furnished with scenery, dressing-rooms, etc.

PROF. Palmer's new Opera-house in the course of construction at Burlington, Iowa, caught fire on the morning of June 19, at three o'clock, and was totally destroyed. It would have been finished about September 1, and its then estimated cost was $100,000. It was insured for $45,000. T. C. Nixon, M. Straus and P. J. Toomey had the contract for painting the scenery and decorating the auditorium. They arrived from St. Louis, Mo., on the 18th, and had considerable stock in the building which was lost, and upon which there was no insurance. They estimate their loss at $600.

P. MOONEY & Co. advertise snakes for sale.

BENSLEY, bar and trapeze performer, advertises that he can be engaged.

DORZWEILER'S PANORAMAS of Ireland, France and the German War are billed to be exhibited at Lake City, Minn., June 23, 24, Wabasha 25, Trempealeau, Wis., 26, La Crosse 27, 28, Prairie du Chien 30, July 1, Dubuque, Iowa, 2, 3, 4, McGregor, 5, Madison, Wis., 7, 8, Portage 9, 10, Sturgeon 11, Fond du Lac 12, Ripon 14, Berlin 15, Omro 16, Oshkosh 17, 18, 19, Menasha 21, Green Bay 22, 23, and thence to Duluth, Lake Superior.

THE ROYAL YEDO JAPANESE TROUPE performed at Scranton, Pa., June 20, 21.

ALF. BURNETT, assisted by Miss Helen Nash and James W. Sharpley, opened at the Pittsburgh, Pa., Opera-house on the 19th inst., for three nights.

AMATEUR.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Quincy, Ill., the Quincy Opera Club presented Eichberg's opera bouffe entitled "The Doctor of Alcantara," on June 12, as a complimentary entertainment to the Illinois Press Association. The entire Association were present, and the representation, as directed by Prof. W. H. Leib, was very pleasing. The leading characters were taken by Melville Clark, Lizzie Baughman, Susan Turner, Nora Simmons and T. E. Pope. The fine tenor voice of Mr. Pope and the acting of Miss Simmons gave evidence of careful application. The choruses were well executed, and without exception the company had their lines well committed. "The Fairy Grotto" will soon be given. So reported our correspondent.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

OUR LATEST ADVICES from London, Eng., and elsewhere are dated June 7. Usually the great influx of visitors to Cockneydom during the Whitsuntide festival renders the production of novelty unnecessary, but seldom has so little variation been made in the programmes at the theatres as this year. The only new plays produced are noticed at length in another part of this issue..... Mlle. Desclée made her first appearance in London at the St. James, June 4, as Mlle. Lange in "La Fille de Madame Angot."..... "Diane de Lys" was withdrawn from the boards of the Princess June 7, when Mlle. Aimee Desclee made her last appearance at that establishment. M. Brasseur was underlined to appear June 9 and throughout the week in one of his well-known farces, previous to taking his original part in "Tricoche et Cacolet," which was announced for presentation on the 16th. He was formerly connected with the Palais Royal, and is one of the funniest of French actors..... At the other theatres nothing fresh had been given, nor were any special attractions promised..... Miss Marie Litton was to have reopened the Queen's June 21, with "King John," Hermann Vezin sustaining the title role, and Miss Clive making her first appearance on any stage as Constance. This young lady has been engaged by Miss Litton for a term of three years, and the remuneration agreed upon is mentioned as something extraordinary..... On Thursday, 5th inst., the twenty-eighth annual festival in aid of the Royal General Theatrical Fund was celebrated at the Freemason's Tavern under most gratifying circumstances, the attendance not only being larger than upon many previous occasions, but among those present were a larger proportion of distinguished personages, headed by the Right Honorable Sir Sidney Waterlow, Lord Mayor of London, who had accepted the presidency. In proposing the toast, "Prosperity to the Royal General Theatrical Fund," the chairman said: "The Royal General Theatrical Fund is, as its name implies, a general fund collected for giving a support to all artists and to all members of the profession. We, who go simply to the theatres to amuse ourselves, perhaps come away with the idea that we have only to remember simply those characters which we see upon the stage; but do not forget that they are only the stars that come before us; that they have to be supported, and the arrangements that are made for our pleasure have to be carried on by a very large number of underlings who have to work night after night for our amusement. The actors, whose names are put in the playbills are but the few; but there are many who are required to prepare the necessary arrangements to give them an opportunity to display their talent and their ability. Now, I shall ask you to-night to allow me to call the whole profession upon the stage, that they may make an appeal to your kindness and generosity; and do not forget that this Theatrical Fund is not essentially a charity in the ordinary acceptance of the word; it is, in fact, a mutual society. Those who think that some day they may be obliged to appeal to it, though trusting, perhaps, that that time may be far distant, subscribe to its funds, subscribe to the money out of which their more necessitous brethren are from time to time relieved—make it, in fact, a mutual society. And we who stand outside and give our trifles towards it ought to regard it as simply helping those who are desirous of helping themselves. (Cheers.) But if we would really help those who, we ought to do, I think we ought, in imagination, to take ourselves for a moment behind the curtains when the lights are out, and when the proud monarch who strutted on the stage in his ermine and his tinsel has put them aside and strives himself to, his mystery cost, tired with the exertion he has made to please us and to amuse us, seeking in home the place where he ought to rest from his toils. Really this profession of an actor is not one which can be performed by proxy. The actor is the support of the family that belongs to him; but he cannot give his work to any other man to do. If sickness or disease has struck him down, then the supply of funds temporarily ceases; and, remember, it is trying profession, carried on in the night-time, when all other people are taking their pleasure. It is one that too frequently saps the power and the physical energy of many men who devote themselves to it. This, I think, is the more reason why we should do all we can to support this fund. Now I am told that there are forty-seven licensed theatres in this metropolis, and that possibly affords some idea of the large number of persons who are employed in giving us our evening's amusement, that kind of amusement which the workers in this great metropolis are so frequently attracted to, because, living and moving in crowded thoroughfares, and in a climate like ours, where there is so little sunshine, the only place where they can be carried into a brilliant scene for a few moments is that which they can obtain at the theatre. The fact that there are forty-seven theatres is an evidence that this support would not be provided if there was not been a demand for this kind of amusement; and I say, long may it continue! for we should be a sad nation, indeed, if we did not occasionally give ourselves up to amusement. How many of us know that, when, perhaps, harassed and worried, not knowing what to do, which way to turn, we say: 'Let us go to the theatre, and let us be elevated out of ourselves for the moment; let us get some rest there, where we can get some relief from the troubles which are annoying us.' Now, I think we are entitled to consider that all the persons—certainly the principal of them who claim assistance from this fund—ought to be classed in the category of artists, for surely those who give us a living representation of past historical characters and scenes are entitled to be classed with those that paint the picture upon the canvas. (Cheers.) Now, let me tell you that those who amuse all—for what man and woman is there to be found who, having been to a theatre, would not admit that they find amusement and pleasure, and gratification there?—those who make it their task, day by day and night by night, are entitled to appeal to all for that support and help which ought to be given to them." Subscriptions amounting to £700 were received, including a £100 from her Majesty, 10 guineas from E. A. Sothern, and 50 guineas from Barry Sullivan.

CHARLES DILLON was appearing nightly at the Royal, Manchester, Eng., in a new drama called "The King's Favorite, or the Fool of Fortune," produced for the first time May 29. The play is adversely criticised.

J. K. EMMET was performing to large audiences at the Royal, Edinburgh, Scotland, in his drama of "Fritz."

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

THE MOORE & BURGESS MINSTRELS, London, Eng., gave extra performances during the Whitsuntide festival, with the usual result—full houses at St. James Hall..... The Queen's Minstrels (Bernard & Vestris' troupe) delighted the residents of Birmingham by a series of performances at Town Hall..... Butterworth's company began a brief stay at the Assembly Rooms, Blackpool, June 2..... The Virginia Female Christys were at Bridgwater June 2 and 3..... Sam Hague's troupe (the original Slave) continue as popular as ever with the people of Liverpool. He had given his patrons something new in the shape of a steamer in the Mersey on Whit Monday, and a swimming match in that stream between the deck-hands, among whom old Eph Horn was king-pin..... The Prince of Wales Christys did well at Plymouth during the week.

CIRCUSES.

"CINDERELLA" remained the feature at Adams' Circus, located at Bradford, Eng..... Morris Roberts' Zoological Gardens, adjoining the Sherborne Theatre, Balsall Heath, Birmingham, was opened to the public June 2, nearly five thousand persons visiting it during the day..... Footitt's concern was doing a fine business at Bristol. Hengler's had become one of the favorite resorts of the amusement-seekers of Dublin, Ireland. Charley Fish, the American bareback rider, is the leading feature..... Swallow's Circus had appeared throughout the week at Bristol, Eng..... Powell & Clark's show was exhibiting at the Bellevue Gardens, Hull..... The circus-loving Liverpudlians largely patronized Weldon's Grand Cirque.

AMUSEMENTS.

S. S. PURDY
would like to hear from MATT. LELAND, agent; also from NILES & EVANS, double song-and-dance artists. Telegraph immediately, care of JOS. LAFLURA, Court street, under Hooley's Opera-house, Brooklyn. 13-1t*

NORFOLK OPERA-HOUSE.
Stars and Combinations will find Norfolk the best paying town in the South. Will play on shares or rent.
Full Dramatic Company wanted.
H. WATKINS,
13-1t* 148 West Tenth street, New York.

A FORTUNE IN SIX MONTHS.
Partner wanted with a moderate capital to travel as cashier with the greatest magician ever in this country, performing to crowded houses nightly. For an interview address ILLUSIONIST, Box 223 Herald Office. 13-1t*

HUGHEY HAGERTY,
A 1st liberty to engage. Managers address
13-1t* 197 BOWERY, New York.

OWING TO HER DEPARTURE
For Europe, Miss M. T. Nash has given Lord Byron the right to produce her translation of the charming society drama, entitled "The Husband's Honor," now playing with success on the Continent, and recently purchased and copyrighted by her. Managers wishing to fix dates address
13-1t* O. D. BYRON.

CHANDLER'S OPERA-HOUSE
MACOMB, ILL. The above magnificent opera-house, just completed at a cost of over $30,000, is now open for public amusements. Has large stage, four convenient dressing-rooms, ten sets of scenery, foot and border lights, set pieces and all modern improvements. Finest opera-house in central Illinois. Parties visiting Quincy, Peoria, or Galesburg will do well to make a note of this. Address C. V. CHANDLER, Proprietor, Macomb, Ill. 13-13t

FOR SALE CHEAP—ONE ELEGANT DRAW-BOX BIRD-CAGE TRICK. MAGIC LADY, ONE TRICK BOX AND PERFORMING TABLE. Send stamp to C. MELVIN, JR. Stoneham, Mass. 13-3t*

MISS FLOTIE PELL AND FRED DIX, who do Clog, Jig and Sanjo Business, desire engagements with traveling company. Low salary for long engagement. FRED DIX, Boston, Mass. 13-1t*

OLYMPIC THEATRE,
CH. PALMER, 624 BROADWAY.
BEGINS AT 8—BEGINS AT 8.
GENUINE AND DECIDED SUCCESS.
EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE.
Monday evening, June 23, last six nights of the charming, fascinating and bewitching
LITTLE NELL. LITTLE NELL. LITTLE NELL.
LITTLE NELL. LITTLE NELL.
LITTLE NELL. LITTLE NELL. LITTLE NELL,
THE CALIFORNIA DIAMOND,
who will appear every evening in her thrilling, sensational drama, entitled
FIDELIA, FIDELIA, FIDELIA,
THE FIRE WAIF. THE FIRE WAIF. THE FIRE WAIF.
Introducing her unrivaled Songs, Dances, Banjo Solos and Wonderful Character Changes. THE GREAT FIRE SCENE. WONDERFUL AND STARTLING GALVANIC BATTERY AND NITRO-GLYCERINE SENSATION.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2 P. M.
A grand, gigantic novelty in preparation and will shortly be produced. MONDAY EVENING, June 30, MISS AMY STONE in her great drama, CIGARETTE, THE LITTLE LEOPARD OF FRANCE. 13-1t

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
LAST WEEK. LAST WEEK
of the engagement of
GUS PHILLIPS, OOFTY GOOFT.
GUS PHILLIPS, OOFTY GOOFT.
Last week of Spencer's new German drama of
KOOMER.
KOOMER,
At the termination of the play,
I'LL
IN HER WONDERFUL BOUND.
FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 27,
BENEFIT AND LAST APPEARANCE BUT TWO OF
KOOMER MATINEE, SATURDAY AT TWO O'CLOCK.
Monday evening, June 30, will be produced J. J. Walsh's copyrighted local drama, in three acts, founded on the Bohemians of Paris, entitled
THE BEATS OF NEW YORK. 13-1t

THEATRE COMIQUE,
514 BROADWAY.
MR. JOSH HART.....Lessee and Proprietor
Messrs. JOHN F. POOLE & T. L. DONNELLY, Managers
THE COOLEST THEATRE IN THE CITY.
WINDOWS OPEN ON EVERY SIDE.
MOST EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION.
The great New York favorite,
MR. JOHN ALLEN,
MR. JOHN ALLEN,
and the talented commedienne and vocalist,
MISS ALICE HARRISON,
in the new and original drama, entitled
DIEDRICH.
DIEDRICH.....MR. JOHN ALLEN
LENA.....MISS ALICE HARRISON
New Songs, New Duets, New Dances.
NEW ALLEN AND HARRISON SPECIALTIES.
ALL FOR THE FIRST TIME IN NEW YORK.
MATINEES EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY at 2½ P.M.

BOWERY THEATRE.
WM. B. FRELIGH.....Manager
MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 23, 1873,
AND DURING THE WEEK,
The charming and gifted Dramatic Artist, Singer and Banjoist,
MISS LAURA ALBERTA,
The only rival of Louia,
And the talented Comedian,
GEORGE W. HARRISON,
In the great Sensational Drama, by
CHARLES E. NEWTON, ESQ.,
Entitled
OUT AT SEA.
Second week of the immensely popular
ALA,
Preceded each evening by a Screaming Comedy.
THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1873.
ANNUAL BENEFIT OF CHARLES FOSTER.
FRIDAY—BENEFIT OF LAURA ALBERTA. 13-1t

BOWERY THEATRE.
NOTICE TO THE PROFESSION.
STARS wishing to negotiate for engagements at this theatre during the season of 1873 and '74, commencing in September, will please apply to WM. B. FRELIGH, Manager. Also Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged talent desiring engagements for the season. Apply as above. 13-1t

WOOD'S MUSEUM. J. M. WARD.
MONDAY, JUNE 23, 1873.
EVENING, AT 8,
the popular actor,
MR. J. M. WARD,
and the beautiful
MISS WINNETTA MONTAGUE,
in J. M. Findull's drama of
THE WINNING HAND.
AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
The charming actress, ANNIE FIRMIN,
and the eminent actor, MR. JOHN H. JACK,
in the new drama from Wilkie Collins' story of
THE NEW MAGDALEN.
Friday evening, June 27, complimentary benefit tendered to MR. J. M. WARD.
Monday evening, June 30, last time of MR. T. G. RIGGS, SHIN FANE.
JULY 4, grand celebration day—three performances in the lecture room. 13-1t

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.
TWENTY-THIRD STREET.
LAST THREE NIGHTS OF THE SEASON,
MONDAY, JUNE 23, BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.
TUESDAY, JUNE 24,
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25.
LAST THREE NIGHTS OF THE SEASON
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS IN NEW PIECES.
GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Thursday evening, June 26, 1873, BENEFIT OF MR. DAN BRYANT. 13-1t*

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Sole Lessee and Manager.....MR. AUGUSTIN DALY
LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON.
MONDAY, June 23, Benefit of MR. G. H. GRIFFITHS.
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WEDNESDAY, 25, Benefit of MR. OWEN FAWCETT.
SATURDAY, June 28 (last night of the season), Joint Benefit of JOS. H. TOOKER and AARON APPLETON.
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I'M GOOD FOR NOTHING NAN.
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THE GREATEST SERIO-COMIC VOCALIST
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D. C. WALDRON, PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER "ALLEGHANIANS."—On the termination of the season of 1872-73, a duration of
FORTY-TWO SUCCESSIVE WEEKS,
we cannot let this opportunity pass without offering you our
HEARTFELT THANKS
for the gentlemanly manner in which we have been treated by you
DURING THE TRAVELING SEASON.
In fact, it has been a
"FAMILY COMPACT,"
blending
BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE.
We appreciate your management, your kindness and general urbanity, and we can assure you that you have
ENDEARED US TO OUR PROFESSION.
With regards for your welfare, a pleasant vacation, and continued prosperity, we remain, truly, etc.,
THE ALLEGHANIANS.
AMERICAN HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA,
Sunday Morning, June 15, 1873.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF MY COMPANY (THE ALLEGHANIANS).—Your little note marked "CARD TO OUR MANAGER"
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ANNUAL VACATION.
I thank you; and allow me to say that it has ever been my aim, in
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to make those
WITH ME PLEASANT AND HAPPY.
I know that the task for you is a difficult one, in many respects. My programme combining
VOCALISM WITH INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC
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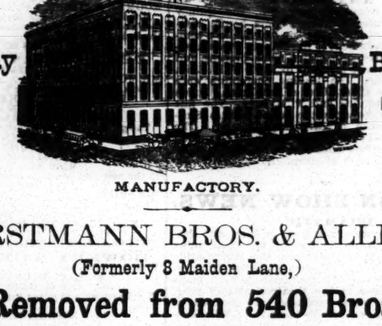

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